The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

A biography of Lord Kelvin, by Professor Andrew Gray, his successor in the Chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow University, is about to be added to Messrs. Dent's "English Men of Science" series.

At last we are to have a collected edition of the songs and poems of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, the author of the famous "Father O'Flynn." The author, who is in his sixty-second year, will himself be responsible for the edition, which will contain many songs and lyrics at present not easy to secure.

Mr. Aylmer Maude has written a life of Tolstoi, which will be published in the autumn, on the occasion of the Count's eightieth birthday. Mr. Maude is one of the greatest English authorities on Tolstoi and his works, and the biography will be, if not "official," yet authoritative.

It is announced that Mr. S. Parnell Kerr has written a book on "George Selwyn and his Times," which will shortly be published. The subject is interesting but it will require very special knowledge in the author if it is to be anything more than a book for the general reader, as the ground has already been well worked. There is the well-known four-volume "Selwyn and his Contemporaries" by Jesse; and much of Selwyn's correspondence has been printed in the Historical Manuscripts Commission's Fifteenth Report, appendix, part vi. (1897); while in 1899 Mr. E. S. Roscoe and Miss Helen Clerque published "George Selwyn: His Letters and his Life." We hear, however, that Mr. Parnell Kerr will include in his monograph many hitherto unprinted letters written by Selwyn to members of his family.

Dr. W. J. Dawson is projecting a new library which he calls "The Reader's Library," and which will consist of careful selections from the greatest English writers, with prefatory essays, critical and biographical notes. The object of the series is to present in concise form the greatest products of English literature. It is expected that the first two volumes in the series will appear this autumn.

Miss Ellen Terry's autobiography will be issued in a few weeks; and there will appear in the autumn the "official" biography of her great fellow-worker, the late Sir Henry Irving. It was stated some time ago that the latter book would be written by Sir Henry's two sons, who are authors as well as actors; but we understand that the work has been entrusted to a well-known chronicler of matters theatrical. It is further rumoured that Sir John Hare, now on the eve of his retirement from the stage, is engaged upon his memoirs.

Miss Netta Syrett, whose new novel "Anne Page" we eview in this issue, describes the book as "the story of a woman to whom happiness came late in life, and was bought at a great price. It is a retrospective story, for Anne is almost an old woman when the reader first makes her acquaintance. By this time she is rich, surrounded by beauty, and loved by every one in the Warwickshire village which she has made her home. All traces of the storm and stress of her earlier days have disappeared, and only gradually is the history of her life unfolded."

We understand that Miss Syrett is writing another novel which she hopes to finish by the autumn, and that she has several plays "merely waiting for production!"

No one has been more assiduous in making known the literature of modern France to English readers than Mr. Arthur Symons. To return the compliment, a selection of his poetry, literally translated into French, has recently been issued at Bruges in the *Collection d'Antée*. M. Louis Thomas is responsible for most of the versions, though a few are the work of Verlaine and others. M. Thomas has also contributed a long introduction, biographical and critical, in the course of which he applies to his subject Baudelaire's words on Gautier: "C'est l'amour exclusif du beau, avec toutes ses subdivisions, exprimé dans le langage le mieux approprié." Mr. Symons himself dedicates the volume to M. Emile Verhaeren. "C'est toujours vers des choses françaises que mes sympathies sont allées," he characteristically writes.

Photo by Bassano. **Mrs. de la Pasture.**
Author of "The Grey Knight," reviewed on p. 117.

Those who have no French should be very grateful for the translated edition of M. Anatole France which Mr. John Lane proposes to publish. One's first acquaintance with the ironies of "Thais" or "L'Etui de Nacre" provides a sensation too good to be forgone. The only question is whether readers of translations ever get it. The delightful matter may be theirs, but the manner is more elusive. Our language is capable of many and beautiful things; but can it quite reproduce that effortless perfection which is the supreme quality of the best French prose—the prose of Guy de Maupassant and Anatole France?

Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt, whose new anthology of prose and verse, "The Charm of Edinburgh," has just been added to Messrs. Chatto & Windus's St. Martin's Library, has completed another volume, "The Charm of Venice," which will be published in the same series this autumn. Mr. Hyatt has two or three other such books in hand, and is contributing "The Winds of Heaven," an anthology of the four winds, chiefly in verse, to Messrs. Routledge & Sons' series of "Wayfaring Books."

Mrs. Burnham, whose Christian Science novel, "The Opened Shutters," will be remembered, has a new novel, "The Leaven of Love," ready for immediate publication.

The Oxford University Press announce a new edition of Stow's "Survey of London" in two volumes, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mr. C. L. Kinsford, who was responsible for the Oxford edition of the "Chronicles of London."

It is not long since that in these columns we made appreciative reference to Mr. H. H. Champion, in reference to his valuable services in founding Australia's only literary paper, the *Book-Lover*. Mr. Champion, in the last issue of this periodical, reminds his readers that at one time he was Sir James (then Mr.) Knowles's assistant on the *Nine-*

teenth Century, to which review he was for some years a frequent contributor. In 1890 he wrote an article on the great Maritime Strike which attracted much attention. "Mr. Knowles then asked me to come and act as his assistant for three hours every morning, which I willingly did," Mr. Champion writes. "After a few weeks he was taken with a severe attack of typhoid fever, and for some months the *Nineteenth Century* was left almost entirely to my management. It was rather an amusing task, as every morning brought a heap of new visitors, discussing all the subjects of the day, and besides letters offering contributions, the written articles received at the office daily amounted to just over fifteen. James Knowles was by far the best man to work with that I have ever known. He may have had faults—perhaps one of them was the idea that he could write blank verse—but he was in every way the best employer I have ever seen."

Mr. Francis Gribble, who published last autumn "George Sand and her Lovers," is now writing a book on "Rousseau and the Women he Loved."

Mr. G. D. Armour, the famous *Punch* artist, has completed a series of paintings for a new illustrated edition of "Handley Cross" which will be issued this autumn.

The Index Expurgatorius of the London County Council is a fearful and wonderful thing. That care must be taken in selecting books for young readers is obvious, but it is difficult to see what principles have governed the compilers of the Index. If ever there was a boys' book, we should have thought it to be "Don Quixote," but that is banned in company with the rollicking "Charles O'Malley" of Lever, and Scott's "Kenilworth," and Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii." The County Council scholar is not to have, to select but a few names, "Vanity Fair," "The Woman in White," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Adam Bede," "Barchester Towers," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Caxtons," or "Coningsby." It only remains for the authorities who drew up this list to compile another of books they think suitable.

We understand that Mr. J. S. Fletcher's new novel, "The Harvest Moon," shortly to be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, is a study of a very engaging feminine personality developed on new lines. The heroine is the daughter of the last of a race of Dutch settlers who came over to England in the time of Charles I. to drain the fens. She has the blended qualities of Dutch and English. The scenes of the story are laid in Yorkshire, in Bruges, and in Rome.

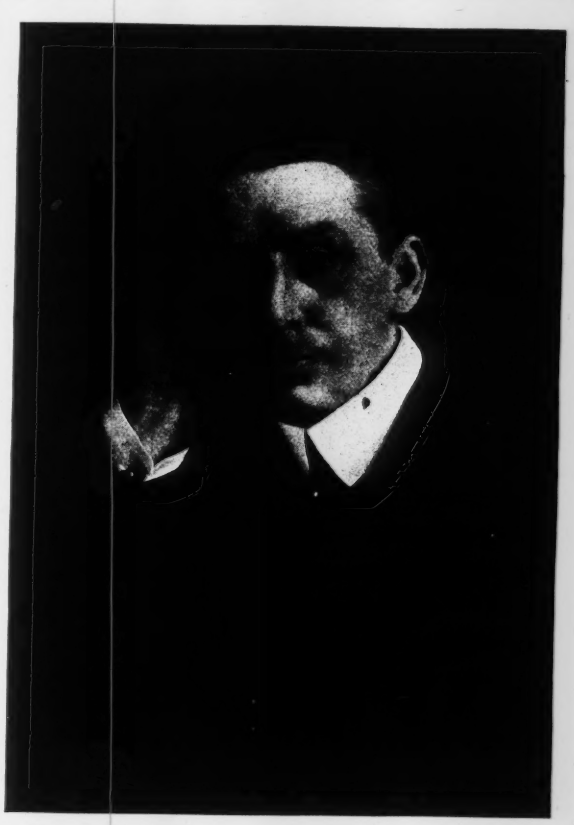

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. J. S. Fletcher.**

Messrs. Methuen will shortly publish another work by Mr. Fletcher entitled "A Book about Yorkshire," which attempts to do for "the county of broad acres" what Mr. Baring-Gould has done for Devon and Cornwall. Without being a guide-book, "A Book about Yorkshire" will give a very full account of the Three Ridings—their legendary and historical associations. The book is to be handsomely illustrated with photographs and with sixteen illustrations in colour by Mr. Wal Paget and Mr. Frank Southgate, R.B.A.

Germany was the first country to publish cheap editions of famous books, and Messrs. Reclam and Messrs. Cotta were pioneers in this direction. Recently a new library at ninepence a volume has been inaugurated, and we cannot refrain from a note of admiration at the broad basis upon which the literary adviser of the Leipzig firm, Herr Rudolf Presber, is establishing it. The first twenty-five volumes (all, of course, in German) include Goethe's "Werther," Hoffmann's "Die Elixiere des Teufels."

Thackeray's "Great Hoggarty Diamond," Mürger's "Vie de Bohème," Balzac's "Femme de Trente Ans," Bjornstjerne Bjornson's "Synnövé Solbakken," Jean Paul Richter's "Dr. Katzenbergs Badereise," Tolstoi's "Les Cosaques," Dickens's "Christmas Stories," and Pushkin's "La Dame de Pique." The taste of the German general reader is more catholic than that of his English brother; or is it, perhaps, that our editors underrate the interest in continental literature?

There cannot be too many editions of any author of classic renown, and though competing publishers may frown, the public extend a hearty welcome to all. We note with pleasure the announcement of an Oxford Press edition of the works of Thackeray. It is not long since THE BOOKMAN praised the twenty-volume "Macmillan" edition of Thackeray, edited by Mr. Lewis Melville, the merit of which consists in the facts that it is more complete than any other edition, that it is reprinted from the authoritative editions, that it contains the entire tale of illustrations by the author, Leech, Cruikshank, Doyle, and other artists, and that each volume is introduced by a biographical and bibliographical "Note" by the editor. The Oxford edition, which will be uniform with the Dickens of the same publishers, will consist of seventeen volumes, edited by Professor Saintsbury, whose introductions will be, it may be assumed, critical rather than biographical or bibliographical.

It is always interesting to know what is being read across the Atlantic, and no apology is necessary for quoting from the announcement of the circulating department of the New York Public Library the list of books most in demand: in "Adult Fiction"—Beach's "The Barrier," Burnett's "The Shuttle," and Glasgow's "Ancient Law"; and in "Non-Fiction"—Ibsen's plays, "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne," and Landor's "Across Wildest Africa."

The firm of Plon-Nourrit has published a fourth volume of the "Mémoires de la Comtesse de Boigne," treating of the years 1831 to 1848; and we understand that this final instalment, like the three previous, will shortly be presented in an English translation.

It is several months since THE BOOKMAN announced that Messrs. G. J. Howell & Co. were about to publish by subscription an *edition de luxe* of the novels of Bulwer Lytton. The issue has in the meantime been steadily progressing, and eleven volumes of this "Edinburgh Edition," with illustrations by Mr. E. F. Sherie, have already appeared. The twelfth, "Eugene Aram," is in the press. Well bound, and well printed on good paper, the "Edinburgh Edition" is the best form in which Lytton has been presented.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN will be much interested in the following particulars kindly sent by Mrs. de Horne Vaizey of her newly published novel, "Flaming June":

"The scheme of the story was suggested by a visit to a well-known health resort where exactly such a spot exists as I have described under the name of 'The Park.' A dozen prosperous, commonplace-looking houses, set, side by side, at the end of nowhere, and fiercely guarded against intruders by lodge-keepers at either entrance. Looking at these houses in their cloistered seclusion and imagining the type of person who would choose to live therein, the idea arose of bringing a bright young American girl from her free, breezy home life to pay a visit to a spinster relation living amid such strangly contrasted surroundings.

"Having spent a great part of my life in that

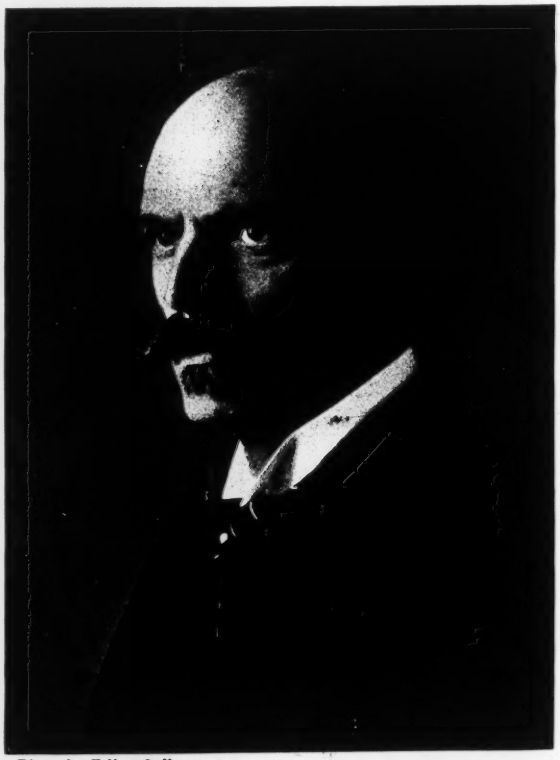

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett.
A New Portrait.

great seaport of the north which forms one end of the Atlantic ferry, I possess many Americans among my most intimate friends, and the MS. of 'Flaming June' was dispatched as it was written to be revised and criticised by five sisters in New York. Having run the gauntlet of such a censorship as this, I am at least satisfied that my portraiture of an American girl is sufficiently correct. 'But won't your proper English readers be shocked by our Cornelia?' wrote the eldest of the sisters. I liked that 'our Cornelia'! Well, I am prepared to find that a good many people will not care for my heroine when they first make her acquaintance; my hope and belief is that she will have won their hearts before they bid her good-bye.

"Apropos of this belief, I may recount an amusing little incident which happened near my own village when 'Flaming June' was appearing in serial form. Two old ladies, whose name has been courteously hidden from me, ordered the magazine especially to read the story, being pleased to approve of the 'wholesomeness' of my previous writings. Two months passed, and they paid another visit to the shop, returned the magazines as unfit to be kept in the house, countermanded further orders, and announced that they were 'surprised at Mrs. Vaizey!' The local bookseller with glee retailed the story to each new-comer, and—so strange a thing is human nature!—with one accord the parish clamoured to know where and how the book could most speedily be obtained. So was 'Flaming June' first advertised—on false pretences, I am glad to know!—but there remains a sequel to the incident which gave me much pleasure. The dear old ladies returned yet again to the bookshop a month or so later on, to set forth that on consideration they had decided that there was nothing worse than unconventionality of speech in the story, that they wished the last numbers of the magazine forwarded to them without delay, for 'they could not rest until they knew what became of Cornelia!'

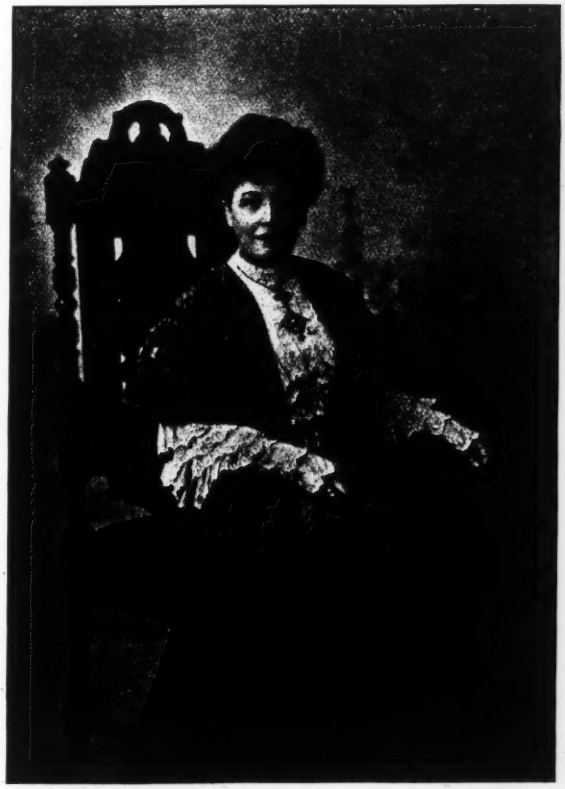

Photo by Harrison, Woodhall Spa.

Mrs. G. de Horne Vaizey.
Author of "Flaming June."

"With respect to future publications—a book for older girls entitled 'Big Game' will shortly be published by the Religious Tract Society, and I am at present finishing a novel to be entitled 'Chrystabel Victrix,' for which I have so far made no publishing arrangements."

Mr. Cecil Aldin is illustrating in colour a new edition of Washington Irving's "Old Christmas," which will form one of the most attractive gift-books of the year.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan is a keenly enthusiastic officer in the new Territorial Army, and has embodied his experiences in that capacity and his views on this military development in "An Author in Arms," several chapters of which have been appearing in the *Daily Mail*. Lord Roberts has written a preface for the book, and it will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie almost immediately.

We are to have a new library edition of Jane Austen's works, to be edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson, with illustrations by Mr. Wallis Mills, an artist on the *Punch* staff.

We are informed that the late Mr. David Christie Murray left sufficient material for a memoir. He was a many-sided man, and his recollections will surely be interesting.

To Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Constable, and the proprietors of *Punch* we are indebted for courteous assistance in the illustration of this number.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

IT would seem to be an easy enough matter to catalogue most novelists; you describe them as realists, idealists, humorists, romancists, sentimentalists, sensationalists, and the thing is done. A simple, artless system, and generally it works like a charm; when his critics have duly tabulated him, they expect the novelist to keep in his place, and not to intrude upon other columns that are reserved for writers of the other varieties, and as a rule he succumbs to the name that has been bestowed upon him and behaves himself accordingly.

For the average reading public always prefer to know where to find an author and what to expect of him; if he gives them romance to start with, they accept it as a pledge that this is a reliable sample of the goods he is prepared to supply them with for the remainder of his days, and if ever he goes astray and turns out anything that is not romance they are disturbed and disappointed, and tell each other it is not at all in his style, and if he does it again they begin to lose faith in him and his circulation will dwindle, unless he is fortunate enough to win the suffrages of a different public who approve of his altered ways. If Mr. Jerome or Mr. Jacobs, for instance, should publish a serious problem novel, many of us would read it with a dazzled eye and have an uneasy notion that there must be a lot of subtle humour in it; we should suspect irony and sarcasm where they were not, and feel irritated with the author, as we do with a man who makes a joke that we cannot see and yet feel that we ought to laugh at.

From the painting by Gerald Kelly.

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.

Mr. William Somerset Maugham began his literary career as a sombre and powerful realist; everybody said he was a realist and has gone on saying it in the pious conviction that what he was he ever must be, and now it comes upon most of us with something of a shock that whilst we have been too consistent to change our opinion of him, he has rather disrespectfully neglected to live up to his label, and the grimly realistic novelist of eleven years ago is to-day a writer of romantic, imaginative fiction and one of the most popular living authors of breezy farcical comedy.

It is eleven years since "Liza of Lambeth" startled the town and was fiercely denounced on the one hand as unpleasant, brutal, repellently gloomy, and as warmly praised on the other for its vivid and intimate truthfulness to certain phases of London life. There was the usual swarm of sapient wind-bags who loudly accused Mr. Maugham, as they accused Mr. Arthur Morrison and Mr. Edwin Pugh, of grossly misrepresenting the poor and writing of them as if they were all unhappy and wholly given over to bestiality and sodden misery; but there was also the wiser, quieter audience capable of recognising that he was not offering a panoramic view of the whole of life as it was lived in lower London, but a faithful portrayal of a darker, sadder side of it that as certainly exists as does the happier side that inspires Mr. Pett Ridge. Of course the controversy that raged round it helped to obtain for "Liza of Lambeth" a measure of the success it unquestionably merited, but it was not the kind of book to be really popular; your gloomy novel that is not even wrested to an ideal ending never is popular, and nobody was more acutely aware of this than was the author himself. He had not written it with his eye on the market, or with any particular purpose, but simply because that story happened to come to him.

Educated at King's School, Canterbury, and at Heidelberg University, Mr. Maugham was destined for the medical profession; he studied at St. Thomas's Hospital, and in due season took his degrees as M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., but never practised. He had never seriously intended to practise; it was the wish of his people that he should study medicine, and he did so, but his ambition all along was to write for the stage, and he had a persistent notion that he could acquire the knack of doing so if he made up his mind to it. But having a saving grace of common-sense and being eminently practical he foresaw that he must face the usual difficulties of getting his plays read and produced, and turned to novel-writing as a means of earning his bread and butter and in the hope of making so much of a name at it as should move the autocrats of the theatre to feel that it was worth while at least to consider his dramas.

There is no conventional story to be told in Mr. Maugham's case of the many rejected manuscripts from the magazines, or of disheartening drudgery in the by-ways of journalism; whilst he was still at St. Thomas's

he sent to Mr. Fisher Unwin the stories that eventually appeared under the title of "Orientations," and that astute publisher retained them, but said he would sooner make a start with a novel. Whereupon Mr. Maugham wrote "A Lambeth Idyll," which was promptly accepted and issued under its now familiar title of "Liza of Lambeth." He followed this next year with "The Making of a Saint," and people who think a writer should possess only one mood and work always in the same groove were surprised to find that he had run off the lines on which they had expected him to travel, and was not writing again about the London slums. In 1901 came "The Hero," and a year later the novel that is in my judgment the strongest and most brilliant of his books—"Mrs. Craddock." Admirable as it is, every publisher of any consequence rejected it; even Mr. Heinemann declined it at first; then on a second consideration repented. The study of that natural, elemental, passionate, starkly female creature, Mrs. Craddock, is an amazingly bold and subtle piece of psychology, and her story is inevitably clouded with tragedy; but if the tale in itself is not pretty and pleasant, there is a higher pleasure to be got from the stern truth and the art with which it is told.

These later years have yielded two other novels and a book of Spanish travel. Before the publication of "The Merry-Go-Round" a dramatic version of the same story was, I believe, acted by the Stage Society; and this year, turning his back on realism in the commonly accepted meaning of that tormented word, Mr. Maugham has given us "The Explorer," a romance of adventure that, though it is edged with irony, is veined with pathos and sentiment, and has a high-souled idealist for its hero.

Meanwhile, whilst he was thus adding to the height and breadth of his reputation as a novelist, Mr. Maugham was by no means diverted from his original inclination to the stage. He had tried his luck with the managers, and lost the toss every time. In 1902 he had a little one-act piece produced in Germany; and a year later he wrote "A Man of Honour" for the Stage Society, thinking this might assist him with the managers, but instead of doing so it lessened his chances and was merely a new obstacle in his path, for "The Man of Honour" had no laughter in it and prejudiced them against him; they appear to have taken for granted that it was thoroughly representative of what he could do and meant to do, and that consequently nothing of his would appeal to the theatre-going public or could be made to pay.

Thereafter, Mr. Maugham went to work and wrote the three delightful comedies that are now running simultaneously in London—"Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw," and "Mrs. Dot." In writing these he frankly confesses that he set himself deliberately to make what the world at large was prepared to pay for. He had a conviction that it was very easy to please if only one would take the trouble to do so, and that, moreover, no dramatist could ever establish himself in England, as things go, unless he either did this or could afford to finance his own plays. He took care that there was nothing in these three comedies that could cause a momentary pang of anxiety in the breast of the most timorous of managers; his sole intention was to amuse; and the nightly enthusiasm of overflowing audiences at three of our principal theatres testifies that he has triumphantly achieved his purpose.

It took Mr Maugham four years (a very short time, compared with the experiences of other dramatists who are now among the famous) to get his first play, "Lady Frederick," put before the public; the other two went off more readily. At present he has no thought of writing others on the lines of these three, and it remains to be seen whether what he proposes to follow them up with will not be better in kind and even more popularly successful. That he will not make his plays, any more than he has made his novels, all on the same pattern, however good that pattern may be, is sufficiently obvious from the fact that he has written "The Explorer" both as a drama and as a novel, and the play is being produced by Mr. Lewis Waller.

Happily Mr. Maugham has too keen a sense of humour to cultivate anything in the nature of a pose; he takes his roaring success as quietly and with as little elation as a man draws wages that he has more than earned and therefore receives without astonishment; he is unassuming, but not diffident; he has no affectations and says he has no ideals, but if you take him too literally in that you will misunderstand him. "I must say," he told an interviewer lately, "I think there is a tremendous amount of nonsense talked about the serious drama. All that high-falutin' chatter about ideals! A playwright's and a missionary's appear to me to be two distinct and quite separate callings which should not be permitted to overlap. I cannot understand why a serious play should be held to be pre-eminently greater or more important than a humorous play, a comedy, for instance. Nor do I admit for a moment that the former is more difficult to write or demands a consideration peculiar to itself." He declares that his one aim as an author is to amuse, and that he would excuse almost anything but dulness, and, as might have been expected of a man of his literary capacity and broad sanity of judgment, he has no sympathy with the egotistical, self-preening talk of those superior persons who ascribe their failure to an inability or noble disinclination to "write down" to the presumably meaner apprehensions of the vast majority of mankind.

Mr. Maugham is a young man, not yet half-way through his thirties; in the eleven years since he made a beginning he has gone far, and the wariest of prophets need not hesitate to predict that he will go very much farther. Many of us, myself for one, would honestly regret the success of his plays if it were to tempt him to devote himself to the stage entirely; but there is no danger of that. He is looking forward to writing now, with a comfortable mind, just the sort of novels that please himself, whether there happens to be much money in them or little, and has already completed one, a tale of mystery and imagination that deals with the Black Art, and that will be out somewhere in the early weeks of next year.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

June 1 to July 1, 1908.

Cambridge University Press.

ÆSCHYLUS.—The Seven against Thebes. With Introduction, Critical Notes, Commentary, Translation, etc., by T. G. Tucker, Litt.D.
COOPER, C. H.—Annals of Cambridge. Vol. V., 1850-6. With additions and corrections to Vols. I.-IV. and Index to the complete work. Edited by J. W. Cooper, LL. D.
FLETCHER, GILES and PHINEAS.—Poetical Works. Edited by F. S. Boas, M.A. Vol. I. 4s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BESANT, WALTER, and JAMES RICE.—By Celia's Arbour. (Cheap Edition.) 6d.
CROKER, MRS. B. M.—Proper Pride. 6d.
GIBBON, CHARLES.—The Dead Heart. 6d.
HOLLAND, CLIVE.—From the Foreland to Penzance. Illustrated in colours by Maurice Randall. 12s. 6d. net; large-paper edition, 21s. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

BANSOR, H. W., M.A.—An Introductory Course in Chemistry. 2s. 6d.
CAVERS, F., D.Sc., A.R.C.Sc., F.L.S., Professor of Biology at Hartley College, Southampton.—Life Histories of Common Plants. An Introduction to Botany. 3s.
DIXON, F. N., B.A.—History of Great Britain, 1763-1815. For Teachers' Certificate Examination, 1909. 2s. 6d.
GOGGIN, S. E., B.A.—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." For Teachers' Certificate Examination, 1909, etc. 2s.
HOGAN, A. E., LL.D.—Government of the United Kingdom. For Teachers' Certificate Examination, 1909.
RUSH, R. R., Ph.D., M.A.—More's "Utopia." For Northern Univ. Matric. Examination, 1909, Teachers' Certificate, 1909, etc. 2s.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

AMUNDSEN, ROALD.—The North-West Passage. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.
BURROUGHS, JOHN.—Leaf and Tendril. 4s. 6d. net.
HYATT, STANLEY PORTAL.—Little Brown Brother. 6s.
SINCLAIR, MAY.—Kitty Tailleur. 6s.
THORNDIKE, ASHLEY H.—Tragedy. 6s. net.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

Beethoven's Letters, by Dr. Alf. Chr. Kalischer. Translated and Edited by J. S. Shedlock, M.A. Many Illustrations and fascimiles.
GRAY, PROFESSOR ANDREW.—Life of Lord Kelvin. (English Men of Science.) 2s. 6d. net.
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YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE

JUNE, 1908.

THE READER.

DANIEL DEFOE.

By George Sampson.

SAINT AUGUSTINE (a literary person of some importance) enunciated the only law of criticism when he crushed the Donatists with that magnificent sentence "securus judicat orbis terrarum." He spoke, it is true, as a religious critic; but in art as well as in religion, time will tell. Oblivion scattereth blindly her poppy, and of some great works nothing remains but the memory; but where much survives, it is the best that is remembered and the worst that is forgotten. Posterity makes havoc of our preferences. We may praise most lavishly or condemn most vigorously; we may frame persuasive canons of art and authoritative laws of taste; but the only law is this, that what the world likes is good and will live, and what the world doesn't like is bad and will perish. The world-jury cannot be packed, and its verdict is final; but you must give it time to consider. Now the world has long since made up its mind that Defoe spells "Robinson Crusoe"; but Defoe's own generation read it otherwise—not because his contemporaries depreciated that immortal adventure, but simply because "Crusoe" appeared at the end of an incredibly busy public life. The heroic bibliography compiled by William Lee names some two hundred and fifty works either certainly or probably Defoe's,—all popular works in the full sense of the word, eagerly bought and eagerly read; but the world has sifted this heap, and nothing remains but "Robinson Crusoe" cherished as a treasure, and a few others, cherished for Robinson's sake, or for historical rather than literary value. The world has done well. "Robinson Crusoe" stands high, not only among Defoe's books, but among all books. It is not local, it is not national, it is universal. The world has done well—and yet the outstanding fame of "Crusoe" has certainly called attention from rather than to his other books. Lamb pointed this out, and instanced the parallel case of Bunyan and the "Pilgrim's Progress." There is no remedy. We can only say that while "Robinson Crusoe" puts Defoe among world-authors, other works put him high among English authors — that had "Crusoe" never been written, the story of the Plague (for instance) would be more read than it is now. He might not have been known to the millions, but he would certainly have been known to the thousands.

The Old Manor House (Back View)

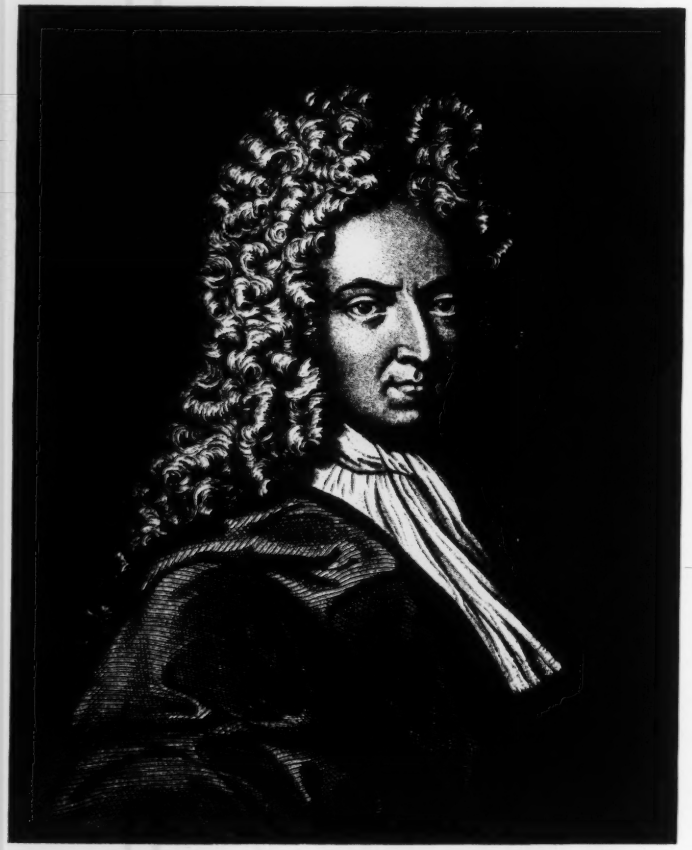
near Tooting Junction, where Defoe wrote "Robinson Crusoe." His study is supposed to have been the room over the porch.

After "Robinson Crusoe," the next thing, perhaps, that his name suggests to most people, is the line of Pope:

> "Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe;"

"earless" being an exaggeration: he was never "cropped," but he was certainly pilloried. How came he to get that ignominious advertisement? The literary life of Defoe is the political history of England from the Revolution to the accession of George II.; for while we know him best as a novelist, his contemporaries knew him best as a journalist. We might call him, without exaggeration, the inventor of journalism, as we understand that valuable art. The early newspapers contained news and little else. The purchaser of the *Daily Courant* or the *Flying Post* bought his slender sheet to learn the news and the talk of the town; the purchaser of our expanded modern journals certainly buys news, but as well he buys opinions, criticisms, information—chiefly opinions. The newspapers of Anne's reign contained no "leaders," no editorial columns, no special articles called "The Truth about so-and-so" (we always know that it means "Half-truth"), no moral attacks on "Sordid Fiction" in one column, next door to spicy details from a "high-life" divorce case in the next. In the absence of these advantages, the pamphlet drove a roaring trade, just as, in the absence of our political campaigns, the political sermon drew eager crowds to church. Defoe was an indefatigable pamphleteer, and in the *Review* invented the periodical distribution of opinions and arguments. He supplied a need of the times. The tangled reign of William III. gives us, not indeed our first definite parties, for there were Moderates and Progressives in Simon de Montfort's time, but certainly the first definite emergence of party as a system of government. Party strife to-day is a mere friendly tug-of-war compared with the life-or-death struggles of the early eighteenth century, and it was during these struggles that Ministers felt the need of a friendly press, while sturdy scribblers felt the joy of battle. Defoe, being conscious of his fist and his pen, plunged into the conflict. He had already shown dispositions. He was born at the Restoration; and as a

young and militant Dissenter (he was intended for the Nonconformist ministry) he had rejoiced in the Catholic persecutions of 1680, and had trailed a puissant pike for Monmouth at Sedgemoor. By the time that William was safely on the throne, Defoe was settled in the hosiery business, and, like many another business man, was a keen politician. Were he living to-day, he would be a vigorous Radical and free-trader—certainly a Progressive member of the London County Council, and the "Essay on Projects" (1698) indicates that he would have leaned towards Socialism. The favourite diversion of the day was King-baiting. William, whose greatness as monarch and man is real enough to have survived the worship of Whig historians, was in an unfortunate position. He had more or less been definitely "engaged" by Parliament to displace the hereditary monarch, and he was made to feel his position. The great Whig nobles, who wanted to rule through him, quietly patronised him, and the Tories, whose hearts were over the water, openly sneered at him. His unpopularity produced a reaction and won him many sturdy champions, and Daniel Defoe, late hosier, now brick and tile merchant, drew a trenchant pen on William's side. He wrote in favour of William's unsuccessful and unpopular war against Louis XIV., and, after the Peace of Ryswick, in favour of keeping a standing army; and when, on the death of the childless Spanish King, William wanted to draw sword once more against aggressive French imperialism, Defoe aided his cause in many vigorous pamphlets, though the feeling of the day was against another war. He wrote in vain. William was unpopular, his outlook was Continental rather than English; and in the heat of controversy the sturdy Briton of the day called the King and his friends by the worst name, almost, that can fall from English lips—"Foreigners." Defoe took up the taunt and answered it in one of the most famous of his productions, the verse-pamphlet called "The True-born Englishman." It should be read: the criticism is still valid. Who, he asks, is this pure-bred Englishman, who gives himself liberty to despise foreigners? He begins with the familiar lines—



Daniel Defoe.

> "Wherever God erects a House of Prayer,
> The Devil always builds a Chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon Examination,
> The latter has the largest Congregation."

It is worth noting, by the way, that George Herbert has the same thought in his "Jacula Prudentum": "No sooner is a Temple built to God, but the Devil builds a Chapel hard by"; and Burton, earlier still, has written, "where God hath a Temple, the Devil will have a Chapel." The Devil, Defoe tells us, implanted some vice in every nation. To Spain he gave Pride, to Italy Lust, to Germany Drunkenness, to France Passion, to England Ingratitude—a surly spirit that has been punished by an influx of conquering undesirables from the Continent with all their native vices. With Cæsar came Romans, Gauls, Greeks, Lombards; then followed Saxons, Danes, Scots, Picts and Irish.

> "All these their barbarous Offspring left behind,
> The Dregs of Armies they of all mankind.
> . . . .
> From this amphibious, ill-born Mob began
> That vain ill-natured thing, an Englishman."

As for our "Norman nobility,"

> "'Tis that from some French trooper they derive,
> Who with the Norman bastard did arrive:
> . . . .
> Yet who the hero was, no man can tell,
> Whether a drummer or a colonel:
> The silent record blushes to reveal
> Their undescended dark original."

The invasion continues. The wars with France introduce more foreigners, the Tudors more still. James I. came

> "With troops of Scots and scabs from north of Tweed,"

who,

> "With native truth, diseases, and no money,
> Plundered our Canaan of the milk and honey."

Charles II.

> "carefully repeopled us again
> Throughout his lazy, long, lascivious reign"

with many unmentionable foreign persons, from whom, ignobly, descend English peers. He concludes the first part with one for the commoner:

> "The silent nations undistinguished fall,
> And Englishman's the common name for all.
> Fate jumbled them together, God knows how;
> Whate'er they were, they're True-born English now,"

The Famous ROXANA

Frontispiece to Defoe's novel of that name.

and with one for the noble :

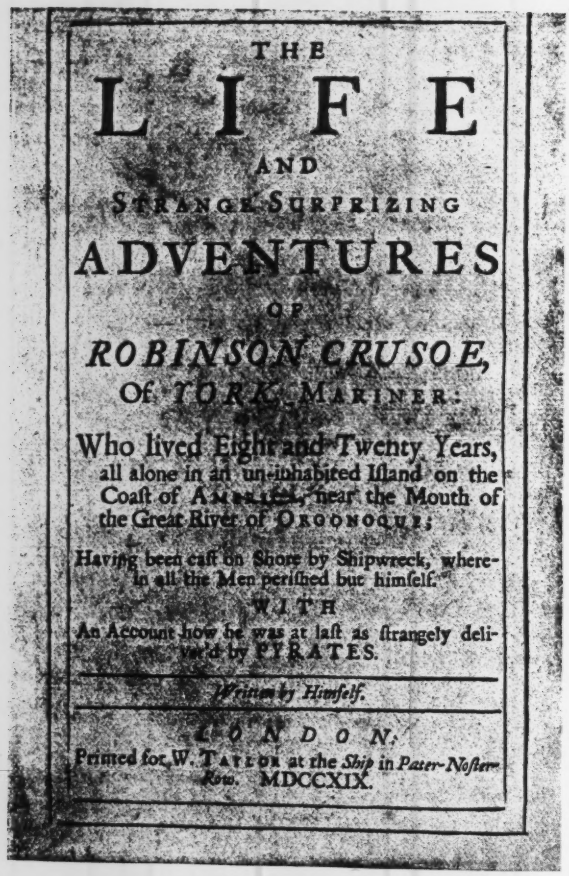
"Fate has but very small distinction set
Betwixt the counter and the coronet.
Tarpaulin lords, pages of high renown,
Rise up by poor men's valour, not their own ;
Great families of yesterday we show,
And Lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who."

The second part criticises the national character in the same sturdy way. The rhyme is no more than butter-woman's rank to market ; but observe his vigour, his raciness, his true journalist's sense of what will tell. His pointed personal verse got home where polished reasoning would have failed, and the pamphlet sold in thousands. Englishmen like to be told of their faults if it be done with vigour and humour. Several pamphlets crying for war followed ; but the King whom Defoe had served so valiantly was nearing his end ; and when the inevitable war really came, he died, leaving his crown to the sister-in-law who had been the rallying point of his enemies, and his sword to the great and sinful man whom he trusted least and hated most.

Under William III. Defoe's Whiggery and Dissent were safe. How would he stand with the Tory and High Church Anne ? The beginning was unpropitious. We think of Anne's reign as an age of materialism, of worldly literature, of vigorous politics, of successful war. It was all these ; but as well, it was an age of keen and practical religion. Poor benefices bless the flourishing fund called Queen Anne's Bounty, and in her reign fifty new churches were built in London alone—you may tell them by their surpassing ugliness. The Tories were Churchmen, the Whigs strong in Dissenters ; and many a struggle between Whig and Tory was really a struggle between Church and Chapel. The Test Act of Charles II.'s reign made the Church of England communion obligatory upon all office holders. How, then, could dissenting Whigs qualify ? Simply by taking the Church Sacrament formally, and then returning to Dissent again. This rather dishonest practice was called Occasional Conformity. Defoe, as a sincere Dissenter, had already written against it in 1698, his case really coming to this : —if Dissent is religious truth, then Occasional Conformity is sinful ; if the Church Sacrament is religious truth, then Dissent itself is sinful. Time-serving Dissenters felt uncomfortable at this plain speaking from one of themselves ; but the practice of Occasional Conformity continued. The accession of Anne gave the hot Tories and High Churchmen their chance. A Bill to suppress the practice passed the Commons, but was lost in the Lords, where the Whigs were still powerful. Defoe was inclined to welcome the measure (on its religious side) as a purge to rid Dissent of its false brethren ; but his fellow Nonconformists hardly admired his attitude. The stroke had missed ; but it might fall again. While the extreme High Churchmen were exulting in their power, and Dissenters trembling at imminent persecution, appeared

Robinson Crusoe.

Frontispiece to the first edition.



THE
LIFE
AND
STRANGE SURPRIZING
ADVENTURES
OF
ROBINSON CRUSOE,
Of YORK, MARINER:
Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE;
Having been caſt on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men periſhed but himſelf.
WITH
An Account how he was at laſt as ſtrangely deliver'd by PYRATES.
Written by Himſelf.
LONDON:
Printed for W. TAYLOR at the Ship in Pater-Noſter-Row. MDCCXIX.

Title-page of the First Edition.

A copy was sold at Sotheby's on May 13, 1903, for the record price of £307.

a violent pamphlet called "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." The author was obviously a persecuting Churchman of the most uncompromising type, another and worse Sacheverell. He began by reminding readers of the cock who, without perch, had to roost on the floor of a stable full of horses, and who addressed his mighty bedfellows with the words, "Pray, gentlefolks, let us stand still, for fear we should tread upon one another." The writer applied the fable. The poor fearful cock was the party of Dissent, now begging for toleration and consideration. Fine people, you Dissenters (he argues), to talk of consideration:

> "You have Butcher'd one King, Depos'd another King and made a mock King of a Third; and yet you could have the Face to expect to be employed and trusted by the Fourth."

Had James I. but dealt faithfully with these Dissenters we should have been spared the troubles of the last hundred years. What toleration and consideration did Dissenters show to Churchmen in Oliver's time? Shall we not have our turn? The State has an undoubted right to execute known laws upon any part of the nation it governs, and since the Queen is sworn to defend and protect the Church of England, she is bound therefore to suppress the Church's enemies. It is perhaps scarcely advisable to revive the stake and the faggot, yet it is right to preach "Delenda est Carthago."

> "'Tis vain to trifle in this Matter. . . . They that will go to Church to be chosen Sheriffs and Mayors, would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. If one severe Law were made, and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a Conventicle should be Banished the Nation, and the Preacher be Hanged, we should soon see an end of the Tale,—they would all come to Church, and one Age would make us all One again."

Thus he concludes:

> "Alas! the Church of England! What with Popery on the one hand and Schismaticks on the other, how has she been Crucified between two Thieves. Now let us Crucify the Thieves."

The pamphlet fluttered all the religious dove-cotes. The trembling Dissenters trembled more at this display of High Church truculence; and the High Churchmen themselves, while they approved of the pamphlet, thought that their zealous brother had gone perhaps a little too far. But who was the zealous brother who thus out-Sacheverelled Sacheverell? The Highflying Churchman unmasked, and discovered Daniel Defoe, Dissenter! The pamphlet was a joke—so good, so elaborate, that neither of the extreme parties saw the point. Dissenters thought such joking resembled talking of the rope in a house where one had been hanged; and the Highfliers little relished their aims being thus carried by unanswerable logic to a ridiculous conclusion. The Ministers (led by Nottingham) resolved to prosecute. and, when Defoe went into hiding, offered a reward for his capture. We learn from the advertisement that he was a middle-aged, spare man, about forty, of brown complexion, and dark brown hair under a wig; with a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near the mouth. He surrendered, and was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. His exposure was a personal triumph. The True-born Englishman who spoke his

The Old Manor House, Tooting (Front View).

This old house, associated with Defoe and "Robinson Crusoe," is shortly to be pulled down.

mind was a man to admire, and London mafficked round the pillory, and drank the victim's health. Brilliant editors of to-day, conscious of the beauties of advertisement, must regret the abolition of this admirable instrument of torture. The unquenchable journalist himself produced a "Hymn to the Pillory" which was sold in the streets as he stood in the machine. It repeats the triumph of the "True-born Englishman." The pillory is shaped like a T, so he greets it with—

> "Hail, Hieroglyphick State Machine,
> Contrived to punish Fancy in."

He is unjustly punished, like many another that has stood there—Bastwick, Prynne and Selden.

> "Here by the errors of the Town,
> The Fools look out, the Knaves look on."

Those who should stand there are described—some by thinly disguised names. Again, though the pillory is abolished, the criticism still applies. Here is an admirable couplet—

> "Let none the Indignity resent,
> For Crime is all the Shame of Punishment."

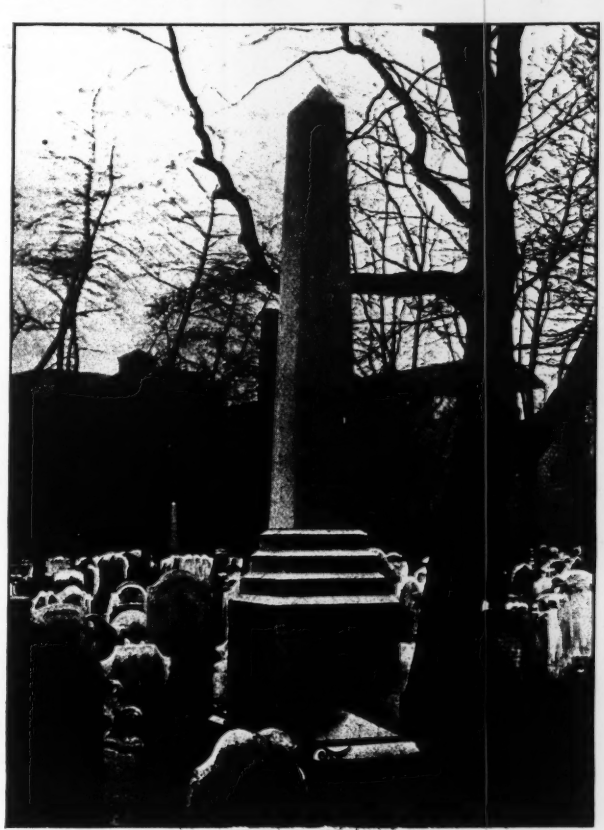
From the pillory Defoe went to Newgate, where he mingled with the throng of ne'er-do-wells who gave him so much material for his later novels. There he lay from 1703–4; but he had permission to write, and he continued to attack the Highfliers. The most remarkable production of his imprisonment was the periodical *Review*, a brilliant piece of personal, single-handed journalism, giving elaborate discussions and arguments (spiced with gossip) instead of the usual news. Mr. Stead alone of present-day journalists could come near the knowledge and power of the *Review*, and Defoe began it in Newgate, a feat comparable with Cobbett's management of his farm by letters from the same incredible spot. One peculiarity of the *Review* was that it dealt continuously with special subjects. Thus, the first volume deals with the war, Marlborough's successes, and the necessity for crushing France; the second with home affairs, particularly the elections; the fourth with the union between England and Scotland, and so on. The *Review* lasted till 1713.

Soon after the paper was launched the political situation was changed. Defoe's enemies were in danger. Marlborough's military successes made the position of anti-war Tories like Nottingham rather difficult. The Highfliers were flying out of favour. Nottingham and other extremists fell, and their place was taken by moderate Tories like Harley and St. John. Harley released Defoe; and the latter entered upon a less honourable stage of his career. The Minister knew the value of a shrewd fellow and clever writer, and there is no doubt that Defoe was released upon conditions. At any rate, his independence was gone. The Whig and Dissenter, pilloried and imprisoned by one Tory Government, was bought by the next, and became its secret instrument. He does not appear openly as a Harleian Tory. He is still (outwardly) the true-born Englishman, an honest plain-spoken rogue, a thorn in the side of all Governments. Thus, when the question of Union between England and Scotland was being debated, and anti-English feeling in Scotland was running dangerously high, Defoe went to Edinburgh at much personal inconvenience and danger, as he explained, and became a valiant fighter for the Union. His good faith was suspected, and he became virtuously indignant:

> "I am charged with partiality, bribery, pensions, and payments. . . . If paid, gentlemen, for writing, if hired, if employed, why still harassed with merciless and malicious men, why pursued to all extremities at law for old accounts, which you clear other men of every day? Why oppressed, distressed, and driven from his family, and from all his prospects of delivering them or himself? Is this the fate of men employed and hired?"

Very pretty. The "tears in the voice" are quite moving; but the fact remains that he *was* paid for writing, that he *was* in receipt of a pension, and that he had gone to Scotland as the secret agent of Harley's Ministry. The reference to his debts and his cruel creditors is masterly; as Minto says in his admirable monograph: "When he was despatched on secret missions, he could depart wiping his eyes at the hardship of having to flee from his creditors." However, there is no doubt that in advocating peace and union with Scotland, Defoe was writing not only from his cue, but from his heart.

But the Tories were

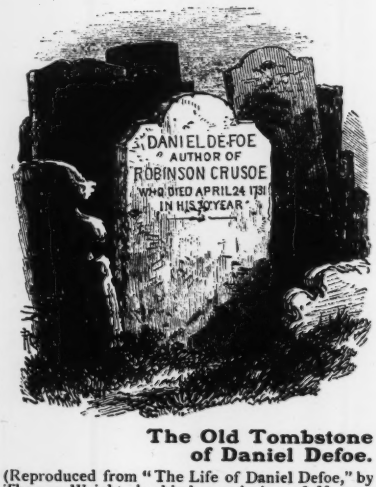


Defoe's Tomb in Bunhill Fields.

Erected by the boys and girls of England in response to an appeal made by the *Christian World* newspaper.

hastening to a fall; and when Marlborough and Godolphin, declaring themselves Whigs, manœuvred Harley out of office, Defoe, without compunction, entered the service of the new Government, lauded the Treasurer and the Captain-General to the skies, and drubbed the Tories most vigorously. Then in two years came another swing of the pendulum. The prosecution of the Highflier Sacheverell gave the London mob another chance of mafficking, and the Whigs were jeered out of office. Defoe went back to Harley with admirable composure. It is true that Harley was his benefactor, and had released him; but he had discovered the convenient truth that his duty as a public writer was to the State and the Sovereign, and that he could therefore consistently serve any Ministry honoured with the Sovereign's confidence. We shall not be surprised, then, to find that when Anne's death brought Harley's final downfall and the great Whig triumph, Defoe stood by the winning side, and secretly backed up the Whigs in a Tory journal. He was again to learn that irony is a dangerous instrument; for, having written grave pamphlets pointing out the advantage of the Pretender as king and the benefits of French rule in England, he was prosecuted—this time by the Whigs as a Jacobite!—but he escaped by pardon under the Great Seal.

But here, fortunately, Defoe the journalist gives place to Defoe the novelist. In 1719 appeared the first part of "Robinson Crusoe"; in a few months more the second part, and in another year the dreary third part—the "Serious Reflections." The success of the new vein was tremendous. During the next four years appeared "Duncan Campbell," the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "Captain Singleton," "Moll Flanders," the "History of the Plague," "Colonel Jack," and "Roxana." Heavens, what thews and sinews! as Stevenson said of another. The same hand is visible in all. Defoe had succeeded as a journalist because he had instinctively gauged the capacity of the man in the street; he succeeded as a novelist by the same instinct. Read anything of his, whether pamphlet, poem or novel, and you see the honest fellow, the ingenuous, plain-speaking, plucky and resourceful sportsman that every Englishman believes himself to be. Within our British bodies dwell three persons—the politician, the business-man, and the big boy. Defoe captured all three—the first with his vigorous plain speaking, the second with his statistics and precise financial details, the third with his sense of the picaresque. People have called him versatile because he began as a journalist and ended as a novelist, and scattered works of rather unworthy or Smilesian wisdom in between. With as much lack of reason, stupid theatrical criticism calls an actor versatile because he appears one day with a padded belly as Falstaff and the next in his native leanness as Shylock—the difference being merely external. Defoe was not versatile. He triumphed in fiction by the methods of journalism—by realising and intensifying the probable with circumstantial and corroborative detail. In sensational journalism you do not invent the initial fact, you invent the appropriate details. The brilliant writer who harrowed us some years ago with the Legation massacres at Pekin did not invent the fact that there was trouble in that city; he invented the things that we were ready to believe—the heroic defence, the slaughter, the tortures inflicted on the women, and the dramatic shooting of an Ambassador's wife by her husband to save her from a more dreadful death. He did not mention the fact that certain people (supposed to be slaughtered) did very well out of the loot, because that spoiled the story, and we did not want to believe anything so sordid. Defoe was an old hand at this game. A terrible storm happened in November, 1703, while he was in Newgate. Soon afterwards came from his pen a moving picture of the havoc—nothing impossible, all plausible, and well-seasoned with fact, with narratives of eye-witnesses, corroborative letters and so forth. A reported eruption in the West Indies he treated in the same way—the method being seen at its best in that wonderful narrative of the Plague, where with no apparent effort he forces the pity and terror of the thing upon the reader. His power of inventing fact and detail is really wonderful; but he could not invent character. Crusoe, Singleton, Jack, and the rest, are all one and the same person, unmoved and unmoving, with Defoe's tradesman-eye to the main chance, punctually repentant of sin, and replete with correct bourgeois moralisms. Crusoe is as comfortable as an alderman, and the references to his horrible situation provoke pained surprise in the envious reader. Friday never once comes to life. He is the elementary Englishman's conception of a "native," a cross between the poor heathen of the missionary books and a Christy minstrel without song. Roxana is intended for a splendid harlot, Moll Flanders for a less fortunate specimen: they are the same person, and both of them talk like a balance sheet. It is characteristic of Defoe that one of Crusoe's first acts is to make a debit and credit account of his good and his evil. Nothing in "Moll" is so thrilling as the part where Defoe the journalist describes the departure of six poor souls for the gallows. The gift of creation Defoe has not; the gift of incident he has, and, besides this, the gift of honest prose. Disraeli makes one of his characters say that if you would influence the people you must write the language of the people as Shakespeare and Cobbett did. Defoe has this gift of strong plain speech: he has for companions Swift, Cobbett, and Bunyan. When I was little more



The Old Tombstone of Daniel Defoe.
(Reproduced from "The Life of Daniel Defoe," by Thomas Wright, by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.)

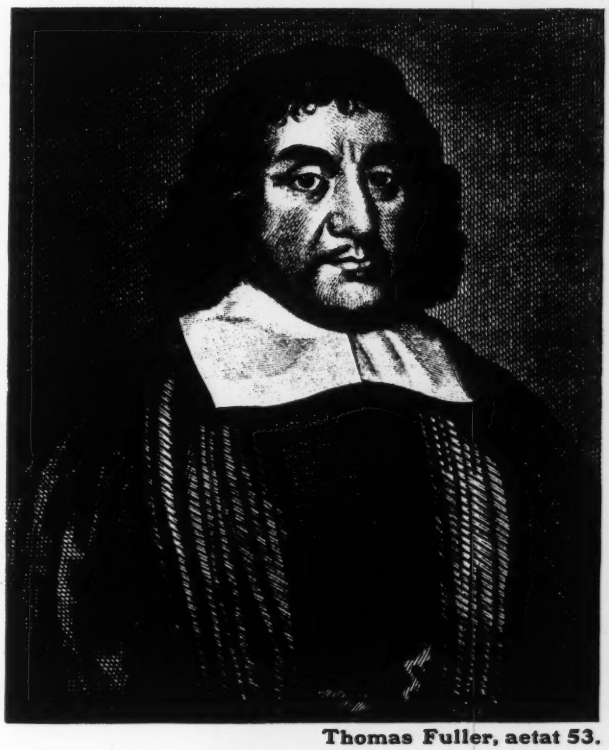
than a lad I had a book into which I copied passages that pleased me. There stand the massacre at Magdeburg from the "Cavalier," the description of Montserrat from "Captain Carleton," the loss and recovery of the money from "Colonel Jack," the thunderstorm from "Captain Singleton," and the execution morning from "Moll Flanders." I turned to this book the other day, and found these passages cheek by jowl with such splendours from the "Modern Painters" as might be expected to fascinate a youth. The plain and unadorned Defoe stands the comparison very well.

But, after all, Defoe, as I said at first, spells "Robinson Crusoe." What is the fascination of a book that any elementary geographer, naturalist, or ethnographer could tear to pieces? The question goes into the soul of books, and no man can answer it. Let us note two things, however. First it gives the fascination of adventure—adventure that is a certitude to the boy, and still a hope to the man. We can all remember how the progress of discovery alarmed us lest all the uninhabited islands might be found and peopled before we should be old enough to go and get wrecked. When we grow up we merely change our hopes from one isle to another—from Juan Fernandez to Hy-Brasail. And then there is the fascination of solitude and wonder—wonder that is the child's own kingdom. The daily sun and the nightly stars are more wonderful to a child than the midnight sun and the midday stars to a traveller at the North Cape. We lose the sense of wonder, and get instead the sense of beauty; but we get fitfully and by measure what the child gets constantly and copiously. We must rush to Niagara or the Himalayas to get the thrill a child will get from the pond and bushes on the common. You remember that Crusoe came unrepentant to his island, and in his solitude trembled, and found God. Defoe tamely explained his story away as an allegory of his own life. It is an allegory, but a deeper one than Defoe intended. His island is that immeasurable solitude, a child's mind—a solitude of strange voices and mysterious footprints, and reverberating with the awful thought of God.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THOMAS FULLER.

By W. E. A. Axon.

THREE hundred years ago—early in June, 1608—there was born to Thomas Fuller, "the painful preacher of Saint Peter's," Aldwincle, a son to whom he gave his own name. This second Thomas Fuller, born into a troublous age, has earned for himself a remarkable, and indeed unique, position in English literature. "Next to Shakespeare," says Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "I am not sure whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous: the degree in which any given faculty or combination of faculties is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what one would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality wonder! Wit was the stuff and substance of Fuller's intellect. It was the element, the earthen base, the material he worked in; and this very circumstance has defrauded him of his due praise for the practical wisdom of the thoughts, for the beauty and variety of the truths into which he shaped the stuff. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted a galaxy of great men." This is high praise. The extent of Fuller's writings has hindered his fame. The modern printer can compress the whole of Shakespeare's legacy to the world within the compass of a single volume; but Fuller, in addition to some quintessential books of small size, is the author of folios that defy condensation. There are eleven hundred and fifty-nine folio pages of the "Church History of Britain"; and a thousand and two folio pages of the "Worthies of England," whilst "Abel Redevivus" fills over six hundred quarto pages. Hence there has never been a uniform collection of Fuller's writings; and whilst some of his books have gone through many popular editions, others have continued to be more or less difficult to obtain. His poems were not edited



Thomas Fuller, aetat 53.

until 1868, and our gratitude to Dr. Grosart for this gathering cannot prevent us from regarding the edition as unsatisfactory. His "collected sermons" were not brought out until 1891, when the editorial work, left incomplete by the death of Mr. John Eglington Bailey, was finished by the present writer, who hopes later to realise a long-standing desire to prepare the "Worthies" in a satisfactory edition. Whatever Fuller thought worth writing is well worth reading. Even his dust is gold dust. Charles Lamb read through three of Fuller's folios "in almost as few days," and returning them to Gilman, wrote: "Pray do you or S. T. C. immediately write to say you received back the golden works of the dear, fine, silly old angel which I part from bleeding." Most readers of Fuller feel an affection for him which finds expression in some endearing phrase such as that which Lamb has here employed.

Let us glance at the record of Fuller's life as it has been lovingly set forth by my lamented friend the late Mr. John Eglington Bailey, in a book that will always remain the standard biography of the wise and witty divine.* Fuller was the son of a peace-loving clergyman, who, in spite of his earnest preaching and his avoidance of extremes, did not altogether escape the attention of the Star Chamber—that double-barrelled instrument of regal and prelatical tyranny. Two sons and five daughters were added to the Aldwincle rectory. Fuller's first schoolmaster was Arthur Smith, who claimed kinship with Captain John Smith of Virginia, and who acted as curate at that church in the long absence of Robert Browne, the founder of Independency, but "was not apt to teach." Later, the boy had a better instructor in his father, who destined him for the ministry. When his relation, Bishop Davenant, was talking with the elder Fuller, the boy would sometimes join in the conversation in a manner "beyond expectation of his years." Already he had "a very working head: insomuch that walking and meditating before dinner he would eat up a penny loaf not knowing that he did it." This hearty appetite he retained through life; but whilst he had the good fortune to escape sickness, he did not attain longevity, for he was baptized on June 9, 1608, and died August 16, 1661. Great industry and some genius he must have had who, dying at fifty-three, was able in the course of a troubled life to write so much and so well as Thomas Fuller. At an early age—about twelve—he was admitted to Queens' College, Cambridge, of which his uncle, Dr. John Davenant, was then the President, and also Bishop-designate of Salisbury. This was a favourable beginning for Fuller, and his tutor was his cousin Edward Davenant, who was "not only a man of vast learning, but of great goodness and charity." From Davenant, who had some sensible ideas on the cultivation of the memory, his nephew may, perhaps, have had the discipline that made him so remarkably proficient in the art of recollection. There was not much waste of daylight in old Cambridge, for the prayers, sometimes followed by a sermon, in the college chapel began at five in the morning. The course of study appears to have included Greek and Latin, Hebrew, Logic, Ethics, Rhetoric, Mathematics, History, and Chronology. "Thus taking these sciences in their general latitude he hath finished the round circle or golden ring of the arts; only he keeps a place for the diamond to be set in; I mean for that predominant profession of law, physic, divinity or state-policy which he intends for his principal calling hereafter"—such is Fuller's own account. Here we may suppose Fuller would see King James on his visit in 1622–3, when he was feasted at Trinity College and listened to the Latin oration of George Herbert; here, too, he would hear the bells and see the bonfires which testified the public joy at the failure of the proposed "Spanish match." He took his B.A. degree at the age of seventeen, and proceeded M.A. in 1628. His uncle's endeavours to secure him a Fellowship at Queens' failed, and in 1629 he became a Fellow-Commoner of Sidney-Sussex College. Here among his friends were Robert Litton (an ancestor of Lord Lytton), Walter Mountagu (who joined the Church of Rome), Thomas Gakaker and Jeremiah Whitaker (the Puritans), and Joseph Mede ("most learned in mystical divinity"). It would be pleasant to think that Milton and Fuller were acquainted with each other. Jeremy Taylor, then a student, he knew later. Fuller's first preferment came from Corpus Christi College, which appointed him to the perpetual curacy of St. Benet's Church, Cambridge, where he soon made his mark as a preacher, but his ministrations were unhappily interrupted by the plague and the consequent scattering of the students. One of the parishioners who died was Hobson, the famous Cambridge carrier whose "choice" has passed into a proverb.

Fuller was no exception to the general rule that a young author begins with verse. It cannot be said that there is any inspiration in "David's Hainous Sinne, Heartie Repentance, Heavie Punishment," but it shows his early liking for alliteration and for fantastic phrases. The poet has not yet been born to make Bathsheba a heroine of immortal verse. Fuller in his earliest as in his latest books is fertile in puns and odd conceits and tricks of language. He certainly was not without some poetic sensibility, but he certainly was not a poet. He is seen to the best advantage in his epigrams and in the translations of couplets and other brevities that are scattered through his works. In 1631 he

* When Mr. Bailey was a student at Owens College (which has now developed into the University of Manchester), he attended the lectures of the Rev. William Gaskell (the scholarly husband of the famous novelist), who in class suggested that an adequate biography of Fuller was needed. The seed fell on good ground; Mr. Bailey devoted his leisure to collecting the material, and spent his summer holidays in visiting the scenes associated with Fuller's life. The book, which appeared in 1874, is a model of scholarly and appreciative biography. However many "appreciations" may follow, the quarry from which they must be dug is the "Life of Thomas Fuller," by John Eglington Bailey.

became a Prebendary of Sarum, and in 1634 Rector of Broadwindsor, a rural village where Fuller had the opportunity of displaying all the virtues of his own picture of "the good parson," with his genuine piety and his dislike of that "affected gravity, which is rather on men than in them, whereby some belie their register-book, antedate their age to seem far older than they are, and plait and set their brows in an affected sadness." In 1635 he took the B.D. degree and married a wife. She bore him one son, and died. This loss may have had an influence in taking him to London, where he was a member of the Convocation of 1640, which discussed the "Observances." He was frankly Anglican and Royalist, but had little sympathy with the extreme men, and used his influence for peace. His sermons at the Savoy were so much esteemed that he had two audiences, one within the Chapel Royal and the other outside catching his words through the open window. He knew the dangers that beset popular preachers. "Let them," he said, "not pride themselves with the bubble of popular applause, often as carelessly gotten, as undeservedly lost. Have we not seen those who have preferred the onions and flesh-pots of Egypt before heavenly manna? lungs before brains, and the sounding of a voice before the soundness of matter?" Even when the King had gone to Oxford and the war began, Fuller preached at the Savoy from the text "Blessed are the peacemakers." It is a serious appeal to the nation to refrain from violent measures. Evils are admitted, but he contends that "the best and only way to purge these errors out, is a fair and peaceable way; *for the sword cannot discern betwixt truth and error; it may have two edges but hath never an eye.*" He warns them against the dangers before them: "So let none in what house so ever, in the King's House, or House of Lords, or House of Commons, or strongest castles, or walled towns, or fenced cities, flatter themselves with a fond conceit of their safety, for if civil wars continue long, they must expect as well as others to be devoured, yea, none can promise great persons so much happiness as to be last undone. For aught any one knows it may come to their turns to be first, as being the fairest marks to invite malice and envy against them." There is something of a prophetic strain in this, though Fuller would have been horrified if he had seen in vision the greatest even in the King's House slain upon the scaffold at Whitehall. Fuller refused to subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant, and joined the King's forces at Oxford, where he preached before the King, and, good Royalist as he was, much in his sermon would be unacceptable to many of the Cavaliers. He became chaplain to Hopton's regiment, and in this military employment had, as he says, "little list or leisure to write, fearing to be made an History, and shifting daily for my safety. All that time I could not live to study, who did only study to live." He took refuge in Exeter, and his "Good Thoughts in Bad Times" is the first book ever printed in that city. His property was sequestered by the Parliament, his MSS. destroyed his library seized. The Earl of Middlesex, however, made good the loss to some extent by giving him the library of his father, Lionel Cranfield. It is to these wanderings whilst the curse of war lay on the land that we owe the collection of the materials for one of the most delightful books in our language—"The History of the Worthies of England." He was present at one of the sieges of Basing House, and encouraged the garrison in their successful resistance. After the surrender of Exeter he returned first to London, and then, "weak in health and dejected in spirits," sought rest at Lord Montague's seat at Boughton, near Northampton. He returned to London, and the order that prohibited him from preaching was not very rigidly enforced, and he even delivered a funeral discourse on the execution of Charles I. The very title, "The Just Man's Funeral," shows his constancy and courage. Lord Carlisle nominated him to the perpetual curacy of Waltham Abbey; and, to the credit of the "Court of Triers," the Republican body for the examination of intending preachers, he passed without difficulty, and indeed managed to do a good turn for another sequestered clergyman. Fuller was famous for his powers of memory, and the Triers asked for some example of his skill, whereupon he, as we can imagine with a merry twinkle, told them that if they would restore this minister he would never forget their kindness as long as he lived. From the peaceful retreat of Waltham Abbey came forth much of his literary work. And here, in 1654, he married his second wife, who was a daughter of Viscount Baltinglass.* After troublous years there came more prosperous times for him. He became chaplain to Lord Berkeley, who made him Rector of Cranford; he resumed his places as Lecturer at the Savoy and as Prebendary of Sarum; and was created D.D. at Cambridge by the mandate of Charles II., who, it was said, designed him for a bishopric. In 1661 he journeyed from Salisbury to London, and fell ill. Having promised to preach at the marriage of a friend, he said, "But I am resolved by the grace of God to preach this sermon, though it be my last." It was even so—he preached it on August 12, had to be assisted from the church, and died on August 16, 1660.

Fuller is described as a somewhat corpulent man, with a ruddy face, curling hair, and a slight moustache. He was a good and cheerful talker, and "for information a perfect walking library," a man of kindly spirit, a lover of moderation whose lot was cast in a time when peaceable virtues were difficult and dangerous.

Fuller challenges our judgment both in prose and verse, and deals with subjects both sacred and profane. He has least claim to remembrance as a poet. His poems are overburdened with quips and conceits that

* Robert South, in his satirical speech as Terræ-filius in 1657, refers to Fuller as a bachelor of theology, a doctor of joking, and a professor of the arts of memory and mendicancy. The last gibe is aimed at the number and ingenuity of the "dedications" with which Fuller decorated his books, and is the least pleasing feature of them. The picture of the portly, ruddy divine, with his "Church History" under one arm and his little wife hanging on the other, has a lifelike air.

are less easy to harmonise with verse than with prose. Yet there are occasional flashes of inspiration, felicitous images, and glowing phrases. But it must be confessed that he dwelt at the foot of Parnassus. As a preacher he offers a welcome contrast to many of his time. There are comparatively few sermons of the seventeenth century that have not lost their vitality, but Fuller's retain a vividness that shows them to be literature as well as theology. He was a man of wide reading and prodigious memory, but he was the master and not the slave of his erudition, differing in this from some both of his day and ours. "Proportion an hour's meditation to an hour's reading and a staple author" is the advice he gives, and this may have saved him from being merely a conduit of learning.

Fuller was one of our earliest essayists, and was a skilful "character" writer. The "Holy and Profane State" contains pen-pictures of the good husband, the good physician, the good child, and these roseate pictures have companion etchings of darker hue, so that the reader may be admonished what to avoid as well as what to admire. Fuller's loyalty is so unbounded as to lead him to declare that "the King is a mortal God." The fulsome manner in which he treats royalty is one of the things that strikes the modern reader dumb with astonishment. The doctrine of the "divine right" was a living force in his days. The "Holy State" is throughout witty and in the main wise. The "Good Thoughts in Bad Times" and its companion volumes are prayers and essays; the theology is practical and fitted for everyday use. The peacemaker's aspiration is heard: "How many churches and chapels have been laid waste in England by this woeful war! And which is more and more to be lamented, how many living temples of the Holy Ghost, Christian people, have therein been causelly and cruelly destroyed." There are admirable characterisations, as that of the court jester whose "body downward was a fool, his head a knave, who did carefully note and cunningly vent, by the privileges of his coat, many State-passages, uttering them in a wary twilight betwixt sport and earnest."

In Fuller's historical writings we may place the "Pisgah-Sight," a geographical outline of Palestine, the "Holy War,"—which deals with the Crusades—the "Church History," the "History of the University of Cambridge," the "History of Waltham Abbey," and, mnst important of all, "The Worthies of England," of which the greater part was in print at the time of his death. What he says of this last may be said of all his historical writing: "Know then I propounded five ends to myself in this book: first, to gain some glory to God; secondly, to preserve the memories of the dead; thirdly, to present examples to the living; fourthly, to entertain the reader with delight; and lastly, which I am not ashamed publicly to profess, to procure some honest profit to myself." He is a witty moralist who feels that the "bare skeleton of time, place, and person must be flashed with some pleasant passages." These "pleasant passages" may be verbal quibbles, as when he tells us that Philemon Holland, that prodigious translator, "was translated to a better life." Quite as often they are acute observations on life and manners. Fuller wrote before there was much, if any, thought of a science of history, and wide as are his sympathies, his interest in the records of the past is chiefly ethical. He seeks for edification, but not in the foolish spirit of those who sacrifice truth, and are afraid to portray the shadows on the features of a saint. The picturesque qualities of Fuller's style are evident in the few lines in which Henry de Essex's fortunes are narrated. "Betwixt coward and traitor," he lost a battle for the English, "but he that had the baseness to do had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a Knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the King, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life." This is one of the passages that earned the praise of Charles Lamb, who indeed was a kindred spirit to Thomas Fuller. The book gives much more than its title promises, for beyond the biographical details, we have a collection of local proverbs and the particulars of notable objects, products, and manufactures of each county. Fuller is never afraid of a digression, and can always assign a reason, serious or humorous, for the introduction of extraneous matter. And indeed the matter is so good that no one has the heart to think it inappropriate. The world of literature has always room for a man like Fuller. He was merry with "becoming mirth," and in his wittiest extravagance there is nothing to injure or lead astray, but, on the contrary, much that will strengthen that which is good and help to sweeten the inevitable bitternesses of life. Had Rosaline known Fuller, she could not more justly have pictured him when she says:

> ". . . A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal:
> His eye begets occasion for his wit;
> For every object that the one doth catch,
> The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
> Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
> Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
> That aged ears play truant at his tales,
> And younger ears are quite ravished;
> So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

LES PLUS JOLIS VERS DE L'ANNÉE.

BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

THIS is the title of a little book that has been published in Paris. It is to be made a regular institution. Each year will be issued a volume of a hundred and fifty pages, containing a selection from the prettiest verses of the year before. The idea is like that of the old singing-matches of Germany and Wales, only that, print carrying farther than the voice, the poets will have a larger audience. Such books are extraordinarily interesting to any one who cares to watch the movements of an art in his own time. Their publication is also a kindly action towards posterity. How suggestive, for example, to us are those old "Literary Garlands" of the early nineteenth century, where we find Coleridge's "Youth and Age" on the next page to a set of verses by L. E. L., or a village piece by Miss Mitford. This French anthology raises at once the question of feminine poetry, that I have heard so vehemently argued in the shady walk of the Luxembourg gardens where the poets and critics of the younger generation walk arm-in-arm of an evening. An astonishing number of the makers of "the prettiest verses of the year" are women. Now L. E. L. and her friends wrote poetry that men could have written better; but there has lately appeared a poetry entirely feminine. The Comtesse Mathieu de Noailles, one of that committee of women writers that almost corresponds to the French Academy, Mme. Hélène Picard, Mme. Anie Perrey, write verses that could be written by no man, verses of a wholly feminine inspiration. I have heard it urged in the Luxembourg gardens, and M. Séché, the editor of the anthology, repeats the argument, that women have so recently been able to see themselves as themselves, that they will make a new poetry completely distinct from our own. And indeed we turn in this volume from their verses to the impeccable work of Verhaeren, and feel that we are looking at an art in two distinct stages. The poetry of Verhaeren is conscious, masterly, finished, the poetry of the women unconscious and experimental, groping continually after feelings that have never been expressed. And yet the examples of each, like the best examples of all stages of any art, are not incongruous. Giotto and Leonardo are different, that is all, but it is interesting to see them contemporary. Comparisons like that are made possible by such anthologies, and I could wish that such a scheme could be realised in England.

But annual anthologies of living poets are now perhaps a little foreign to our genius. They need for their success a sociability in literature that we no longer possess. We are not gregarious to the French degree, nor in the French way. We live singly, so far as our art is concerned, seldom, until we are successful, in large groups of energetic friendship. When your great English poet of eighteen or nineteen comes to town, he finds a London that is occupied with anything but poetry. The young Frenchman drops naturally into a Paris that concerns itself with little else.

Paris, the Paris of the young French poet, is like the London that came to an end with Hazlitt, the London that Johnson knew, that Shakespeare knew, the London of the literary taverns and coffee-houses. Roberto Greene would be less out of place in Paris than at home. A young man coming up from the provinces, with his roll of poems in his pocket, finds it easy, like Chatterton in London, to get into conversation with the wits. He also finds it easy to starve; but he starves in good and plenteous company. He can put on his corduroys and black squashy hat and slouch along the boulevards of the less fashionable side of the river. He can grow long hair and a poet's beard, without incurring the slightest ridicule. Certain quarters of the town belong to him, and he is only disturbed there by the English tourist. He moves from café to café till he finds one that is not so showy as to suggest any great fascinations of wickedness to the traveller in search of such things. Here he will sit over his coffee, or, if he follows certain masters of the last generation, his absinthe, or, if he is philosophic, his beer, and with cigarettes, or clay pipe carved into a skull, cultivate in the glory of his smoke and youth the look of the man who knows life, feel a very poet, and meet plenty of others who will help him to believe that he is what he feels.

In the little streets behind his cafés there are small cabarets where the chansonniers sing their songs, and where, if he makes friends with the proprietor, he may please himself by hearing them sing one of his own. It is true the songs are not very good. They are either a succession of not particularly decent jests, or else they are sentimental reiterations of the old theme "au clair de la lune." But the chansonniers are the legitimate descendants of the trouveurs, a little come down in the world perhaps, but still of the family. And in these cabarets our young man will be treated as a poet and not as anything else. This is all changing, no doubt. The "Noctambules," the most famous of the cabarets, has been for a long time a visiting-place of the English tourist, and the "Cabaret de la Bohème" is likely to share its ignominy. It has been taken up by well-dressed and practised comedians of the usual kind, who try to make it as fashionable as the other. But only six months ago it was frequented by the truly great, a motley crowd of youths bearded, tufted, merry-eyed, and every one a genius at least by courtesy. Six months ago—when Stephane Morel had it, that elderly Gringoire, with his humorous face under his hanging black hair, his corduroy coat so brilliantly buttoned round his middle, his corduroy trousers bagging from the top, drawn in coquettishly at the ankles—six months ago it was a different place. Stephane was no respecter of persons. He would fire joke after joke at

his visitors as they came in, cracking his fingers, and winking his monstrous melancholy wink. There was no distinction between the audience and the performers. If the young geniuses lolling on the benches were happy and liked a tune, they sang. If the geniuses kept quiet, why then the performers sang by themselves. And always there was Stephane, the spirit of the place, an artist in life if in nothing else, leaning on the wall close to the piano, making faces at himself in a looking-glass, or contemplating his chansonniers with so beautifully counterfeited an amazement that I have more than once seen a "bon camarade" stop short from sheer self-consciousness. In places like this—we have nothing like them in London—the young man soon finds for himself a circle of friends who, laugh as they may at everything else, are never anything but serious on the subject of their art.

In the studios too—I have never known a French poet of nineteen or twenty without hearing of three or four of his acquaintances who were to be among the greatest geniuses in painting that the world had ever seen—he loses no more than in his cafés and cabarets the feeling that art is the one serious concern of life. He goes to brave soirées where there are coffee and biscuits perhaps, and coke, subscribed for by the company, burning in the stove that the poor painter cannot afford to light on ordinary days. There he laughs and shouts and plays with the rest, with an abandon impossible to us. I have seen a sculptor well on his way to recognition smear his face hurriedly with red chalk and charcoal, and frisk madly about on all fours imitating a bull-fight for the pleasure of his guests. But on the subject of art there will be no joking at all. In the rowdiest evening everybody becomes suddenly quiet while a young poet recites from a paper the verses he made last week, or while a little man, recovering from breathless foolery, sings, accompanied by a flute-player on the studio stairs, one of the old Provençal songs that soothed him in his cradle.

Nor do things change as he grows older. He moves his evening conversations from café to café, his frivolities to richer studios, as he progresses or his friends progress. At last he will be found in the Café Vachette, talking to as distinguished a set of men as he could hope to meet without crossing the river and becoming a fashionable author. He will have become welcome at a few salons. It is very seldom that he will have chosen to become a solitary. Everything is done together and in concert, so that a book of "the prettiest verses of the year" seems a proper expression of the French spirit. In England, somehow, it would not ring quite true.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1908.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six best examples from English poetry illustrating the following criticism:—"He (Wordsworth) was well aware of the remarkable and beautiful effects of contrast which can be produced by the close juxtaposition of Anglo-Saxon words with those of Latin origin."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best list of works planned or undertaken by eminent writers of any country but never written.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation has been awarded to MISS EDITH GRAY, 4, Bulstrode Street, W.

TINMAN. BY TOM GALLON.

"Measures, not men, have always been my mark."
GOLDSMITH.

Other quotations submitted were:—

CONFESSIONS OF A TRADESMAN. BY F. T. BULLEN.

"A fellow that hath had losses."—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

THE IRONY OF MARRIAGE. BY BASIL TOZER.

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tried."—SPENSER.

(Miss C. E. Abbott, 81, St. Mary Street, Weymouth.)

THE SWORD DECIDES. BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

"What! Shall we have incision?"—2 *Henry IV.* II. iv.

(M. C. Jobson, 19, Kent Road, Harrogate.)

EMOTIONAL MOMENTS. BY SARAH GRAND.

"I thought that I had died in sleep
And was a blessed Ghost."—COLERIDGE.

(T. H. Asheefard, Jersey.)

HEREDITY. By J. A. THOMSON.

"I cannot cut my kin at will
Or jilt the protoplasmic germ;
I am sister to the microbe still,
And second-cousin to the worm."

OWEN SEAMAN.

(Mrs. M. G. Wilson, 20, Sanderson Road, Newcastle-on Tyne.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best pen-portraits of dogs has been gained by MRS. CHARLES WRIGHT, Fairmead, Sutton.

1. "My St. Bernard dog accompanied me, though a score of times I have told him that he had much better not come; I have announced fiercely that he is not to come. He then lets go of his legs, which is how a St. Bernard sits down, making the noise of a sack of coals suddenly deposited, and, laying his head between his front paws, stares at me through the red haws that make his eyes so mournful. He will do this for an hour without blinking, for he knows that in time it will unman me. My dog knows very little, but what little he does know he knows extraordinarily well." "He has even been to the club, where he waddles up the stairs so exactly like some respected member that he makes everybody most uncomfortable. I forget how I became possessor of him. I think I cut him out of an old number of *Punch*. He costs me as much as an eight-roomed cottage in the country."—J. M. BARRIE, *The Little White Bird*.

2. "A street-dog was once adopted by a lady. While still an Arab, he had done as Arabs do, gambolling in the mud, charging into butchers' stalls, a cat-hunter, a sturdy beggar, a common rogue and vagabond; but with his rise into society he laid aside these inconsistent pleasures. He stole no more, he hunted no more cats; and conscious of his collar, he ignored his old companions. Yet the canine upper class was never brought to recognise the upstart."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *Memories and Portraits*.

3. "Toby, when full grown, was a strong coarse dog; coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. He was of the bull-terrier variety, coarsened through much mongrelism and a dubious and varied ancestry. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled—indeed it was a tail *per se*; it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler. When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mightly stroke which shook the house; this after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke; it was quite a *tour de force* as a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative having been as masterly and telling as his last. With all his inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence—affectionate, faithful, honest up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail."

DR. JOHN BROWN, *Rab and his Friends*.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the six best "touch-stones" for English poetry has been awarded to MISS ANNIE G. MCINTOSH, 60, Queen's Road, Aberdeen.

1. "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss."

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, *Dr. Faustus*, Sc. xiv.

2. . . . "Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim
And sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."—*The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv.

3. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."—*Macbeth*, III. ii.

4. "Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

BURNS, *A Fond Kiss*.

5. "The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

WORDSWORTH, *Lines suggested by a Picture*.

6. . . . "Magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

KEATS, *To a Nightingale*.

Excellent lists of quotations were submitted by Miss Audrey Jennings, Ealing, Miss M. McCombie, Aberdeen, and Miss L. M. Burland, Shepherd's Bush, W.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" has been gained by REV. GEORGE MACKENZIE, Coates Manse, Coatbridge, and MR. M. R. RIDLEY, 2, Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.

New Books.

HERBERT SPENCER.*

In writing the Life of Herbert Spencer Dr. Duncan was faced with a great difficulty. A greater part of the material was already given to the world in autobiographical form—a fact which entailed upon Dr. Duncan no little dexterity and discrimination. It is no small praise to say that the biographer has got round many awkward corners very tactfully, and the result is a book which, while faithful in the main to the portrait drawn in the Autobiography, gives greater prominence to the human and sympathetic side of Spencer. Those who affect to despise philosophy will of course take a superior pleasure in dwelling upon Spencer's personal singularities, but those who are interested in the deeper movements of thought will estimate them at their proper value as the penalty paid by the philosopher for a life of intellectual loneliness in which the mind, so to speak, gets out of focus and fails to see events of ordinary life in their true proportions.

The student who shuts himself off from his fellows, no matter how high his aims, is sure to suffer. In his day Mill held as high a position in philosophy as Spencer, and yet, thanks to his constant contact with the outside world, Mill preserved a balance of nature which gives to his writings in a remarkable degree what may be called persuasive reasonableness. Carlyle, like Spencer, led the life of an intellectual recluse, with the resultant blemishes in his character of irritability and egotism. In both cases the habit of introspection, of dwelling too exclusively on self, produced an angularity of nature which detracts greatly from the charm of their personalities.

Apart from the recluse habits mentioned, may not the introspective habit be traced to hereditary sources? Both Carlyle and Spencer sprang from a religious class with whom introspection was a necessary duty. Among a people with whom religion was the predominating and all-controlling factor in life, anxiety was centred on the welfare of the soul. In Carlyle's case we see this reflected in "Sartor Resartus," in which in different phraseology we have reproduced the Calvinism of his forefathers. This is not so traceable in the case of Spencer owing to the fact that he broke with the orthodox creed before it had time to lay firm grip of him. But in both cases the introspective habit was there, and in the absence of religious belief, when it could no longer busy itself with the health of the soul, it occupied itself with the health of the body. When Spencer's forefathers asked "What must I do to be saved?" he asked, "What must I do to be well?" Had Spencer been a man

* "The Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer." By David Duncan, LL.D. 15s. (Methuen & Co.)

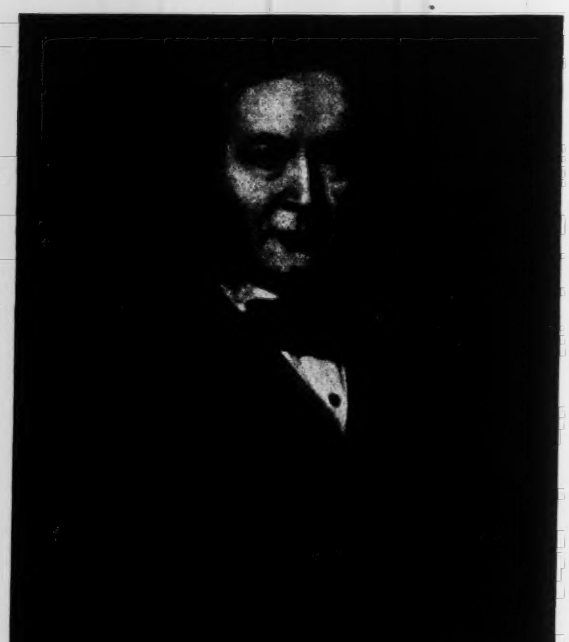


Photo: Emery Walker. **John Thadeus Delane.**

(Reproduced from photogravure plate of the original painting, the frontispiece to "The Life of John Thadeus Delane, Editor of the *Times*," Vol. II. By kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

of science pure and simple, constant study of objective existence would have been his intellectual salvation, but his bias was towards philosophic thought, which accentuated his subjective tendencies. I once asked the late Professor Masson if Carlyle really suffered from a weak digestion. With a quiet smile he remarked that Carlyle could eat as hearty a meal as anybody. Spencer did not look like an invalid, but his habit of continually analysing his symptoms made him feel and speak like one. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the luxury of invalidism so much that he did not care to be told that he was looking well. On one occasion when he was telling me of his unsatisfactory health I remarked upon his robust appearance, only to get the plaintive rejoinder that his friends always made the same remark, as if his friends were doing him an injustice.

When we come to consider the fundamentals of character and mental power, these things are but spots on the sun. On the ethical side Spencer was the soul of honour, integrity, and justice; indeed his defect lay in applying his moral ideals too ruthlessly to the trifles and conventionalities of life. Every incident, small and great, had to be brought to the test of first principles. When writing my book on his philosophy I asked him to read the proof sheets. He promptly consented, but a day or two afterwards he withdrew his consent, on the ground that when he had consented he quite forgot that it was against one of his fixed principles. His fixed principles brought him into needless conflict with his friends, and as the reviews which have recently appeared show, afforded sport for the Philistines. A Nonconformist by heredity, he carried nonconformity to an excess which made life a daily martyrdom.

Take Spencer on his own ground, and how great he was! He created a new epoch in philosophic thought. Apart from the original work he did in the spheres of cosmology, biology, psychology, and sociology, just glance at his services to religion. To those who look upon Spencer as purely a destructive force, that may seem a startling remark. Look at the facts. When Spencer began to write, phenomenalism was the fashionable word in philosophy. Differing on many points, leading thinkers like Comte, Mill, and Bain were at one in holding that by its very structure the mind was incapable of passing beyond phenomena. What was called causation was explained as mere antecedence and sequence. Everything was relative; conceptions regarding the Absolute were dismissed as metaphysical and religious superstititions. Spencer came upon the scene. As the result of rigorous psychological analysis he showed that the mind cannot go a step in reasoning till it postulates the Absolute as the root principle of phenomena. He called this the unknowable, but by showing that the mind is compelled to start with an intuitive belief in something beyond phenomena and without which phenomena cannot be conceived, Spencer cleared the ground for a theistic conception of the universe. In the Absolute, or as he sometimes calls it the Infinite and Eternal Energy, all things, according to Spencer, live, move, and have their being. Clothe Spencer's Absolute with personality, as some of his disciples have done, and you reach Theism.

Spencer's prejudices against the current creed and his associations with members of the materialist school prevented him from giving a theistic tone to his philosophy. His determination to rest in mechanical explanations prevented him from reducing his system of philosophy to harmony. For instance, in his earlier years he strove hard to reduce life and mind to mechanical processes. But when revising his works in his old age, he frankly admitted that "life in its essence cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms." In regard to mind he made the admission that "a unit of feeling has nothing in common with a unit of motion." By no conceivable transformation of forces can we get consciousness. What can it be but a ray from the Absolute, a part of the Infinite and Eternal Energy? In regard then to mind as well as to nature Spencer came round in the end to Theism.

Spencer's claim to greatness rests on the fact that he inaugurated a new philosophic era. He started the evolutional way of contemplating existence. Before Darwin he was an evolutionist, though but for Darwin's popularisation of the principle Spencer's ideas would have been slow in reaching the general public. A thinker of the first rank is known by the amount of literature which his writings call forth. Descartes, Locke, Spinoza, Hume, Kant, Hegel—these thinkers as the direct result of their epoch-making works called into existence a whole library of controversial literature. The voluminous literature which centres around the philosophy of Spencer is strong testimony to the originality of his system of thought. Spencer was much too eager to proclaim his originality. He prided himself on his independence of other thinkers. His knowledge of the German philosophers was very slight, and as a result when he came to reply to critics of the neo-Hegelian type he was not well armed for the fray. He had a lofty disdain of opinions which clashed with his own, but this did not prevent him from getting entangled in controversies in which the personal element obtruded in somewhat undignified form. Instances of this are given by Dr. Duncan, who, like the rest of his friends, regretted that Spencer did not recognise the virtue of silence. In forming an estimate of Spencer these blemishes shrink into insignificance. He was one of the giants of the Victorian era. He belonged to the highly endowed race of thinkers who from the Pisgah height of Speculation have revealed to the human mind glimpses of ever-widening intellectual horizons.

HECTOR MACPHERSON.

A GREAT EDITOR.*

Mr. Dasent is a successful quarryman, but no sculptor. He had an inchoate mass of facts to disinter when he

* "John Thadeus Delane, Editor of the *Times*: His Life and Correspondence." By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With portraits and other illustrations. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Murray.)

undertook this biography of Delane. Those who cannot appreciate should not underrate his difficulties. What he has done is to bring to the surface and present for public information a fine large block of hard fact. What he has not done is to carve from the block the image of a man.

The careful reader of these two volumes will obtain some knowledge of how Delane worked, of the extent of his influence, of the figure he made in the world; but no realisation of why he was held in such account will be possible. On this point the seven hundred pages will be found much less informing than a scrutiny of the two portraits which serve as frontispieces. We see a burly healthy-looking man, whose occupation might be guessed as the pleasant one of drawing large rents from a country estate, and showing a keen personal interest in the condition of crops and livestock: a shrewd landlord undoubtedly, revered by his tenants and more than capable of telling them the way they should go and exacting obedience. But when we know this is the greatest editor England ever saw and begin to search in his lineaments for the secret of his power, we find, or think we find it in the quality of assertiveness noticed in the supposed landowner and gentleman-farmer. Assertiveness is not necessarily blatant and offensive. It may depend on brains, as it too often depends on lack of brains. There is no need to say which was the case with Delane. The assertiveness we discover in the portraits is that of a strong man, sure of himself and his intentions, able to judge wisely before he ordered mightily, yet when his judgment went astray still confident in command.

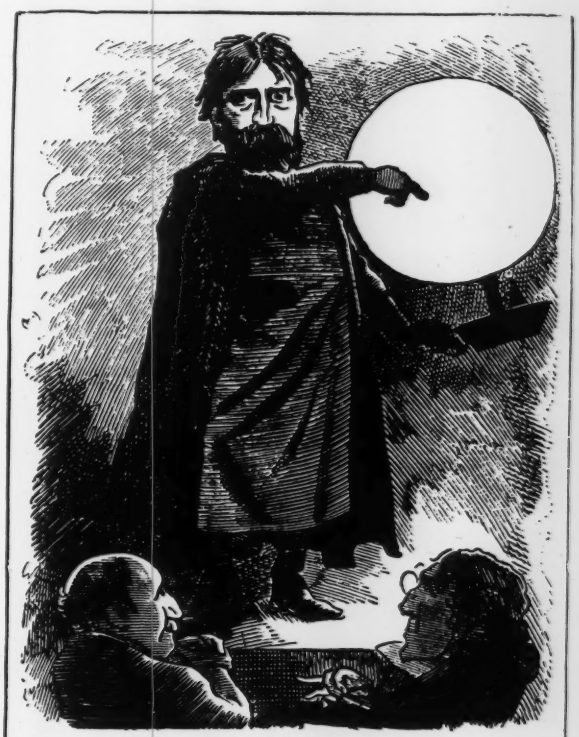
It is true the portraits both represent Delane in maturity—one at forty-three, the other at forty-four; so that the habit of authority might at that period of his life have produced the air of majesty. Had there been a portrait of him at twenty-three, the ridiculously early age at which he became editor of the *Times*, it would have been interesting to note the development of the Jovian aspect. The acquisition of a throne at twenty-three will enable a man to develop anything—if the seeds are there. Of course they were in Delane, and were assisted to magnificent fruition by the sun of opportunity. There have been able editors since Delane, but none so Olympian. On the steps of the modern editor's throne sits the shade of Democracy—*sedet æternumque sedebit*, and will allow him neither to rule the people nor to impose his will on the people's guides. Never more will Cabinet Ministers look to a Delane for guidance, nor come to him like King's messengers with choice news in their wallets.

Unprotected by the guardian shade of Democracy, Prime Ministers—Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli—and Foreign Ministers—Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville—corresponded with this lucky editor on the state of their political feelings and the probabilities of their policy. Meanwhile, Lord Torrington kept him informed of the doings at Windsor, accepting pats on the head for his graphic correspondence with dutiful complacency. The "Windsor Special" Lord Torrington called himself, and his letters are among the most entertaining features of the book. Disraeli writes to complain of a review of one of his own books, then to sugest a reviewer for another; gets snubbed; repents in sackcloth. Ministers dare to withhold information, and when it is printed as public news, profess astonishment. "Unusual precautions" are taken to prevent a Queen's speech from being disclosed. It appears nevertheless in the columns of the *Times*. "The editor," explains Lord Aberdeen to Palmerston, "told my private secretary, who refused to give him a copy, that he would endeavour to procure it elsewhere, and that he did not doubt he should succeed." Succeed? He received three separate offers of the text of the Speech! As one reads again and again of such things one grows into a habit of wondering, not that news came to the paper, but that Cabinet Ministers did not crawl on hands and feet when they brought it.

Delane's predecessor in the editorial chair, Thomas Barnes, was a stay-at-home editor. Delane spent half his waking hours in the society of the great, the other half at his office. If we speak of his talent for assertiveness, we must not forget that it was accompanied by masterly unobtrusiveness and backed by absolute devotion to his post. His name never appeared in his own paper: there was a standing order that it must be knocked out of any list in which it might be found; and very rarely—a controversy with Cobden is the only notable instance—did he trespass on other people's prints. As to his devotion to duty, his zest for politics, he rushes off to the Continent to observe events for himself; on the outbreak of the Crimean War he takes a trip to the field of hostilities, but "to his lasting regret, missed the battle of the Alma by only a few days." His letters while absent from the office on work or pleasure show how keenly he scrutinised every issue of his paper. Not only are the articles praised or condemned; misprints and faults of "make-up" are carefully pointed out.

The Crimean period makes perhaps the most readable portion of the book. Delane played a part of which he had good reason to be proud. To begin with, by sending out Russell as special correspondent he created (it is not too much to say) the modern conception of war news. Then he allowed Russell a free hand in criticising the scandals of our military provision, and thereby struck a noble blow for justice, humanity, and the national interest. Boldly he stuck to his ground, and though Ministers raved, his victory is written in men's memories of the Crimea or Crimean history. For himself, he must be held in recollection as a model editor. Would that Mr. Dasent had been able to make us better acquainted with him as man to men!

THOMAS LLOYD.



A MOONLIGHTER AT BUSHEY.

PROFESSOR H-ER-M-R, A.R.A., INSTRUCTING MASTER HENRY IRVING AND MASTER GUSSIE HARRIS HOW TO ILLUMINATE "THE INCONSTANT MOON." ("*The Moon was not like the Moon ordinarily seen on the stage.*"—*Vide general journalistic opinion on the "Herkomer Opera."*)

Reproduced by special permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

From "My School and my Gospel," by Sir H. von Herkomer. (See p. 112.)

AN ADVENTURE IN CRITICISM.*

Literary *values* have altered, says Mr. Scott-James in his chapter on "The Personal Note in Criticism"; and the truth of the statement is pretty obvious. But in illustrating it he lends support to the much more thoroughgoing contention that literary values have become of no account, not because there are none of them, but because they are so many and so diverse that practically they destroy one another. Three critics may control opinion where a thousand are as nobody.

"At the present day, there is a flood of conflicting opinions, not as of old upon theology, but upon literature and all the arts. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*. . . . And the reason of this change is that literature has become democratised; it has been disseminated among widely differing classes of the community, the majority of which care for books just so far as they prove agreeable to the individual tastes of themselves the readers."

Particularly is this true of fiction, which, as the popular literary form of the time, necessarily occupies the greater part of Mr. Scott-James's attention. Every reader judges it by a different standard, and every critic too. *What I like* provides the standard in both cases, though the critic doesn't as a rule like to be told so. One asserts that "The essential thing in fiction is a good story"; another that "You must be true to life"; another that "The reader should be amused"; and so on. Meanwhile we feel, and sometimes venture to say, that neither a good plot, nor truth to life, nor mere amusement, nor yet any combination of the three, is the all in all of good modern fiction. We cannot agree on the broad lines, let alone on details. The fiction market is like a boxing tournament without ring or rules, in which the boxers, the critics and authors, come to fisticuffs all over the theatre and the spectators join in. By disentangling romance from modernism (*not* theological modernism), by putting forward romance as the hope of the literary future, Mr. Scott-James settles no controversy, provides no definite standard, but he does provide a ring to fight in; and that alone is no inconsiderable achievement. If literature is really democratised, and likely to remain so, whether the purists like the situation or not, it follows that the bases of literary judgment must be broadened. It becomes necessary to search out, and to work from, those qualities in literature which appeal to the majority, to the masses as well as the classes, to the Corelliites as well as to the disciples of Pater. Demos and the "literary" must find their meeting-ground. (When they cease making mouths at each other, they will probably be surprised to see how much they have in common.) The feeling for romance, however suppressed by modern conditions, is one of the most widespread among men, and one of the least liable to be distorted by circumstances. On the ground of romance nearly everybody can meet. And herein lies the importance of Mr. Scott-James's work—though I fancy that many truly romantic people would hardly recognise the babe Romance in Mr. Scott-James's intellectual perambulator.

However, it *is* there. Needless to say, neither his conception of romance nor his detection of it in modern life and literature is exactly new. Both have been in the air, so to speak, for some time. Maeterlinck has treated them both in his aloof philosophic manner in "Le Trésor des Humbles." Mr. Scott-James's task—a very sufficient one—has been to condense these ideas out of the air; to make them applicable, to apply them, to literature. It is evident that he has found some difficulty in defining romance, for it is a thing to be perceived, not explained.

"It implies the state of mind in which we approach life and literature, and see the world transformed before us, so that it is intense and alive and responsive to the thrill of the soul which by its very nature cries out for more than concrete pleasures, for more than the beauty which is mere beauty of husk and shell. . . . A thing is for us no longer merely a thing; we cannot help looking for the further sense of the myriad things which lie behind it, and this again leads us to a deeper mystery which defies solution. . . . It is no longer the man of science and the metaphysician only who seek for causes; the tendency to seek for causes has been popularised, and the mind becomes more and more unsatisfied just in proportion as physical science continues to explain some things in terms of others. . . . This is what I mean by saying that romance, spiritual romance, becomes a test by which we may try art and literature. It enables us to see why most of us must be less satisfied by the poetry of Pope than that of Wordsworth and Browning. . . . And it, is my contention in this work that there is in contemporary literature a force which, if it grows and continues, will humanise and spiritualise the modern world and turn it from its despair, and that it will do so in the courageous, transcendent spirit of a romance which admits the developed consciousness, and with it travels to the threshold of the infinite."

All of which sounds rather high-falutin' in words, but is not so in meaning.

Mr. Scott-James has endeavoured to trace the romantic element through contemporary literature and to show how far it has delivered, and should further deliver, us from the pseudo-scientific materialism of the latter half of last century. He divides his authors somewhat arbitrarily into Decadents, Ingenious Philosophers, Fugitives, Borderlanders, and so forth, but fortunately such expedients for dividing the book into chapters do not interfere with the course of the argument. Some of his criticisms are very apt. For instance:

"A more plausible Utopia [than Mr. Wells's] is suggested by the small child who is taught to pray, 'Please, God, give me a new heart.'"

"In Mr. James's work we feel too often that people are intensive. They may have been analysed to the last degree; so that we come to know more *about* them, but do not always see more deeply *into* them."

And again, he sometimes commits himself to opinions which, to say the least, would bear a deal more discussion. He exhibits, too, more *parti pris* than is fitting in a work of this scope, against authors whom he doesn't like—decadents, materialistic inventors of "clap-trap philosophies" and poor Imperialist Mr. Kipling, whose day of fashion may be gone, but not his day of influence. These, however, are details which each reader will delight in pouncing on for himself. The importance of "Modernism and Romance" lies in its broad lines, its main thesis; and there it is worthy of all praise. It is to be hoped that Mr. Scott-James has correctly diagnosed the forces of the time, and indeed that his fine adventurousness in criticism is itself a symptom of the time, to be followed by more such symptoms.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

* "Modernism and Romance." By R. A. Scott-James. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

THE GUIDES.*

Apart from a rather irritating tendency to drag in threadbare tags and quotations, Colonel Younghusband is to be congratulated upon the most interesting book which he has written. Nor does it detract from the merit of his performance that his subject was one which, even in the most unskilful hands, could hardly fail to excite and hold the attention. Barely sixty years have passed since Sir Henry Lawrence, feeling the need of a "mobile body of troops, both horse and foot, untrammelled by tradition, ready to move at a moment's notice, and composed of men of undoubted loyalty and devotion, troops who would not only be of value in the rough and tumble of a soldier's trade, but would grow used to the finer arts of providing skilled intelligence," entrusted the task of raising such a corps to Sir Harry Lumsden. No more fortunate choice could possibly have been made. Possessing, as Colonel Younghusband justly says, "all the finest attributes of the young British officer," Sir Harry Lumsden was the ideal

* "The Story of the Guides." By Col. G. J. Younghusband, C.B. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

commander for such a corps. Within a short time the Guides had earned for themselves such a reputation that "there were sometimes as many as thirty of these [soldiers of fortune and young bloods] receiving no pay, and maintaining themselves and their horses, while awaiting a vacancy." Upon a vacancy occurring the candidates had to shoot for the place, and the fortunate winner would "jump into the air, yelling and pirouetting, brandishing a sword, and at frequent intervals letting off a gun, nominally into the air, while most of his friends did likewise, embracing and congratulating him in the intervals." Nor were such orthodox methods of enlistment always followed. One of the finest soldiers who ever served in the corps was the notorious highwayman and outlaw, Dilawur Khan, who serenely accepted Lumsden's offer of a place in his regiment and died in the service of the British.

Of the many feats of the Guides, both individually and collectively, it is only possible to mention one or two. From the very first they had ample opportunity of showing their valour, and the famous day in 1897 in the attack upon the Malakand, when three of their number won the V.C., is typical of their history. When they were first raised the second Sikh war was on the point of breaking out, and during the following years the Guides were employed almost continuously upon what was then the north-west frontier of British India. Again and again they defeated immensely superior forces of the enemy by sheer dash and resolution, while the capture of the powerful fortress of Gorindghar by a mere handful of one hundred and forty men of all ranks was, perhaps, the most brilliant exploit during the whole campaign. Great as their fame already was, the Guides increased it during the Mutiny. Their great achievement was their famous march to Delhi. Leaving Mardan at six hours' notice, the Guides marched the five hundred and eighty miles to Delhi in the hottest season of the year in the incredibly short time of twenty-six days and fourteen hours. They reached Delhi at the end of a thirty-mile march, and yet, within half an hour, they went into action. Six hundred strong when they set out, the Guides lost three hundred and fifty men in casualties, and during the siege the whole strength in British officers was renewed four times, and all these were either killed or wounded. It was not without reason that, upon their return to Peshawur, Sir Sidney Cotton paraded the whole garrison and received the war-shattered troops with a royal salute accompanied by the playing of the massed bands. After twenty years' hard fighting under Sir Sidney Cotton and Sir Neville Chamberlain upon the north-west frontier in various minor wars, the Guides again came into prominence when the unfortunate Sir Lewis Cavagnari and his escort were murdered at Kabul in 1879. Seventy-seven of the Guides accompanied Sir Louis upon his fatal Embassy. The story of that day has been told too often to warrant its repetition here at any length. For twelve long hours the little band held out against the overwhelming numbers, amounting to many thousands, of the Herati Afghans, and when at last they were overpowered, after a struggle not less stubborn than that of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, they had accounted for six hundred of their treacherous assailants. It remains only to add that in the subsequent campaign in which Lord Roberts made his famous march to Kandahar, and again, in more recent years, during the Chitral campaign of 1895, and the attack on the Malakand two years later, the Guides once more sustained their proud reputation. Colonel Younghusband concludes his thrilling narrative with an account of the Guides' present home in Yaghistan, where their presence, the symbol of British power, has helped to maintain the peace in that land of everlasting conflict and unending vendettas.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

WREN'S LONDON.*

In a comprehensive title-page Mr. W. S. Campbell sets forth the scope of his charming book: "The 'Passer-by' in London: a tribute to Wren, Gibbons, and John Stow, with some Romance and History of the old City. Illustrated from Photographs by the author and J. A. Pound. Including all the Spires and Towers of Wren's City Churches." It is Mr. Campbell's laudable object to further public interest in London's antiquities, especially the City churches of Wren. We have never seen more beautiful photographs than those that illustrate Mr. Campbell's pages; they are, moreover, exceedingly well chosen and well reproduced, and they form a valuable collection of the most notable architectural features of the City of London. The text that accompanies the pictures makes agreeable reading, but it is rather slight and the phrasing is often almost too laconic. We may say that we wish "the passer-by" had not been quite so rapid in his flight, and that his notes had been less brief. Mr. Campbell, however, not only writes delightfully on his subject, but is a good Londoner, for he dates his preface from Gray's Inn. We sincerely hope that his book will have the good effect of stirring up the public to recognise the beauty of the churches and old houses that still remain in the City. It is pathetic to note how rapidly such relics of the past are disappearing. Mr. Campbell gives a photograph of the old garden with a fountain of a house in Crosby Square, the last of the gardens belonging to the once many City merchants' mansions. He notes its threatened destruction, which has unhappily since then been completed. The book also contains a picture of the Crosby Hall Banqueting Hall—now also destroyed. The idea of erecting this wonderful old hall in some other part of London seems somewhat of a farce, as we understand that the stubble of which the walls were composed was hacked to pieces by the workmen who levelled the building, and that many of the oak beams that supported the roof have proved, on examination, too decayed to be of any further service. Mr. Campbell shows little sympathy for the restorer, and he takes a pardonable delight in recording a few of the vandalisms perpetrated on historical buildings and monuments.

Although some brave efforts have been made to preserve the remaining relics of Wren's genius, nothing short of State interference is likely to save them all. In these days, when everything (and every one) is valued by pounds, shillings and pence, the land on which these City churches stand is grudged by any money-grubbing person who can see his way to profit by their removal; especially as many of the churches (in spite of what Mr. Campbell would have us believe to the contrary) have ceased to attract worshippers. There certainly is need for a law forbidding the sale of such land as rigidly as the sale of a Victoria Cross. We doubt, however, that if the question were put to the public vote, whether anything would be done to ensure the safety of London's antiquarian treasures. The pity is that the public is simply not interested in such matters. The destruction of the old streets in the Strand for the Aldwych and Kingsway alterations was undoubtedly a popular act; and the new Gaiety Theatre and Restaurant is viewed with admiration by crowds who regarded Holywell and Wych Streets as public eyesores. Some of the best of London, too, has passed during the present reign.

I lately heard of a Frenchman, still living near Paris, whose entire knowledge of London is derived from the "Pickwick Papers" and "Oliver Twist." He cannot realise that London has changed since the reign of William IV., and he fondly believes that Mr. Pickwick is a type of Englishman still to be met on the London pavements. This opinion is hardly more strange than the

* "The 'Passer-by' in London." By W. S. Campbell. (Chapman & Hall.)

opinions concerning London of many people dwelling in the provinces, who have not visited the metropolis for some years. Imagination will not help one in such cases: it is necessary to see the place. It is not at all an uncommon thing to be accosted by confused visitors from the country, with pathetic inquiries for some street or building that has disappeared. They may as well inquire for the snows of yester-year as for Holywell Street. Only the other day an elderly country clergyman, who seemed to cherish pleasant memories of Castle Street, Leicester Square, seemed to be stricken with melancholy when he was told that it had long ceased to exist. Again, a scholarly-looking person, whose useful black bag and eager look proclaimed him a book-hunter, stopped us near the new Gaiety Theatre with inquiries for Booksellers' Row. He was told that it had gone, and that he was at the moment gazing at the site of that memorable passage, where the happy bookbuyer, like a bee gathering honey, could describe a zigzag course from one end of the row to the other. He spoke with broken voice of the senseless destruction of London's historic districts, and he refused comfort when told of the bookshops in Charing Cross Road. Poor man! we were only too well able to sympathise with him. What consolation is there that a garish and costly restaurant has risen by the side of its ashes, that its neighbourhood has given place to a mammoth hotel and half a dozen theatres? The "Rising Sun" was good enough for us, where the bibliophile examined his treasures over a point-steak and a tankard of Burton ale, and the Globe Theatre and the Opera Comique gave us the entertainment we best liked. No, London is not the same since Holywell Street was removed and Jack Sheppard's house in Wych Street fell under the pick of the house-breaker.

A SUBJECTIVE ENGLAND.*

Having written a book of the English country-side and a book of London—the city of dreadful night, the city paved with gold—Mr. Hueffer has essayed in a third book to set down "a rendering of the peculiar psychology of the Englishman," the spirit of the people.

A man, as he says, of no race or of many races, he stands a little apart from his theme. Thus he gets a broad view, an impression, both spatial and temporal. The game of historical generalisation—condensing an empire in an epigram—is a fascinating and a difficult one, but Mr. Hueffer is a skilled player. His object always is to find the type, and he always finds it. It may be news to Dr. W. G. Grace that in him is realised the tortuous spirit of early Tudor days. Mr. Hueffer's dexterity is amazing. In fifty words he gives you the essence of English history:

> "In my private picture of these great national waves I see the dominant type of the centuries preceding Henry VIII. as rufous, reddish-tanned, with dusky-red complexions; the dominant type of the Tudor-Stuart ages presents itself to me as dark, bearded and shrewd; the years following the fall of James Stuart seem to me to show the gradual growth of a dominant type that was fair-haired; ingenuous perhaps, unimaginative perhaps, but 'sentimental.'"

In the face of such swiftness as that detail becomes superfluous and the slow labours of Freeman and Stubbs and Gardiner the veriest vanities. In much the same nimble manner Mr. Hueffer catches and labels the modern Englishman, his faith, his ethics, his laws, with many an enlivening anecdote and analogy.

The *motif* of the book is our multiple origin. The race that above all prides itself on its invincibility has been ruled by dynasty after dynasty of foreigners—Norman and Angevin, Welsh and Scots, Dutch and German. Yet it is scarcely a paradox to say that we have never had any but an English king. Our pedigree binds us in blood brotherhood with the populous world; so that we are within our rights to claim the heroes from Joshua son of Nun to Garibaldi for Englishmen. Conversely, "the greatest of all Englishmen was of Danish extraction: the most singular, the most popular and most diversely gifted—the most appealing of all England's real rulers during the nineteenth century was a Jew." This little island is the "melting-pot" into which the restless, the adventurous and the outcast from all eastward lands have poured, to form a strange raceless or poly-racial conglomerate. From that one would expect Englishmen to be a swashbuckling desperate lot of fellows. Mr. Hueffer finds them characteristically humane and tolerant, with the great gift of living comfortably together.

Yet, to speak philosophically, there can be, when all is said, no objective spirit, no "spirit-in-itself" of a nation. The individual is too infinite in variety. Type is an illusion. Generalisation is a convenience for the historian, but it is only rendered possible by resolving or ignoring a thousand discords.

So what we have here is no absolute statement of the soul of our race, which is impossible, but the setting forth of how, impressionistically, it appears from one man's private point of view. The interest of such a book lies in the personality of its author, as revealed by projection. It becomes an autobiographical—or autopsychological—study, the one valuable book that any man, given certain powers of introspection and expression, is able to write. The power of expression is Mr. Hueffer's in a high degree. He is well equipped for the task he set himself. For he can be an impressionist without being indefinite, and learned without being a pedant. He is a poet, and it is quite natural, therefore, that his abstract Englishman should be one too. Ours may be a drunkard, a prig, an official or a Viking, according to our temperaments and our circumstances. All this Mr. Hueffer freely admits:

> "It is all one whether the artist be right or wrong as to his facts; his business is to render rightly the appearance of things. It is all one whether he convince his reader or cause to arise a violent opposition. For the artist's views are of no importance whatever."

If then we find the abstract Englishman not a poet at all, but something quite different, it does not matter. There is no need to quarrel with Mr. Hueffer on that account. Rather we should be grateful for an interesting self-revelation. "The Spirit of the People" is charmingly written. Style itself is the symbol of personality. Also it is the one infallible excuse for a book's existence.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

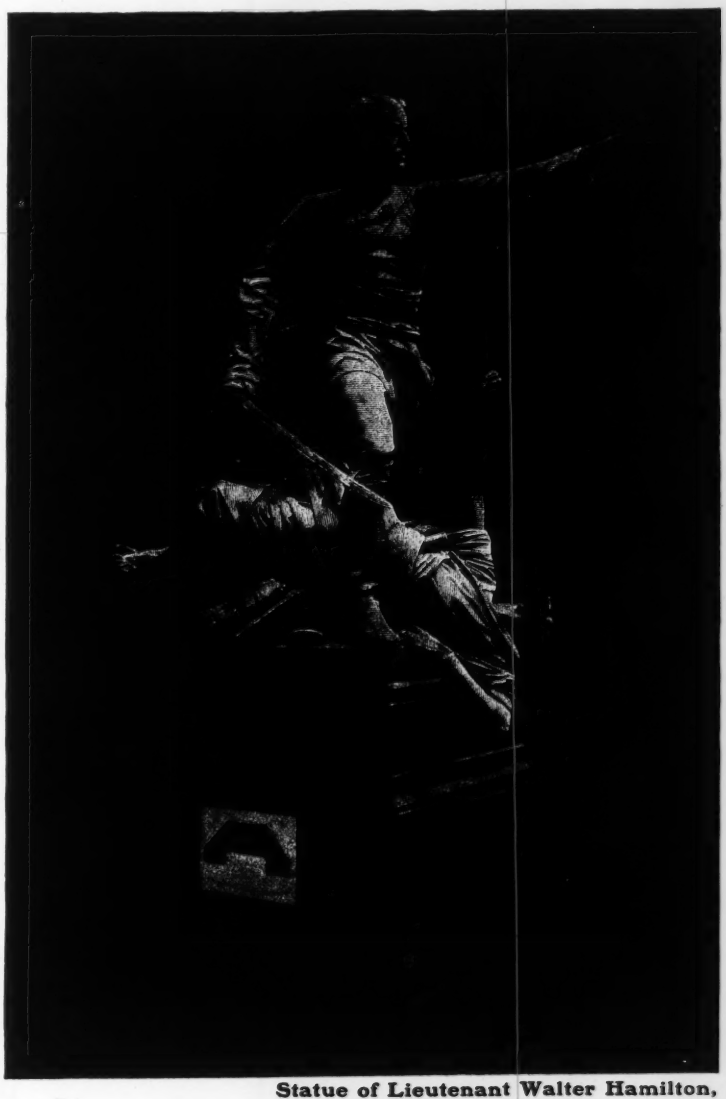
* "The Spirit of the People." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

THE DYNASTS.*

"The Dynasts, a Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes." So runs Mr. Hardy's simple and austere title; but whose are the voices that faintly re-echo on one's ear at its recital—the Spirits' Ironic, or the Spirits' of the Pities? There is something so magnificent, so formidable, and so arrogant in the conception of such a work that its full accomplishment falls almost as an anti-climax. "Miracles don't happen," is the first cry; "It is done!—yet still, man is but grass," the second. There could scarcely be a greater triumph for its author than this irrefutable conviction of his own point of view. And yet, in spite of the vastness of its scheme, its slow undeviating advance, its indifference; there, behind its perfect impersonality, haunting the whole drama, is the presence of an imagination and courage so childlike and uncontaminated that the briefest of his lyrical poems is not more essentially the author, than this great scheme of "The Dynasts." For, after all, this pessimism,

* "The Dynasts. Part III." By Thomas Hardy. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan & Co.)

or whatever other name one may choose to slander it by, is simply another refuge of blessed nakedness. To surrender, to sacrifice everything, even hope, even self, even beauty, in order to catch fast Truth, though only during one of her myriad transformations, is the sole aim worthy of a philosopher. And Truth will always reward her pursuer—if only by continuing to run away. Even the most cheery and wanton of optimists alive could scarcely help admiring Mr. Hardy's marvellous presentation of his theme. It is the accumulative evidence of these transient men and women, from Napoleon down to the dullest of his victims, from Nelson to the "fourth" or "fifth gentleman" of any city in Europe, that tells at last so overwhelmingly. All are human, wilful, capricious, quite eminently "masters of their fate"; much more the peasants and camp-followers—subtlest of thrusts—than Emperor and Prince Regent. All, too, how profoundly are mere puppets, motes of chance, the flitting phosphorescence of a wave that follows the moon. The temptation to dwell on this pervasive idea is irresistible. But when one turns from it to criticise, how vain seems the hope of expressing anything but the critic's forlorn incompetence! If only he possessed a fraction of the sheer dogged erudition manifest in Mr. Hardy's work, he might enthusiastically pin down a fact, refute an inference. If only he had a fraction of the author's imagination, his vision, his intense and passionate "indifference," his beautiful pity and tenderness, he might hope to prove how richly, almost incomparably, these gifts are his. And his English, his style—many a stone has been flung at the blank verse; yet does not this very verse seem by some diabolical ingenuity to reveal all the sawdust that went to stuff that monstrous zany of the fates, Napoleon; all the wooden-jointedness of your busy politician; the queer insensitive courage of a soldier; all the blocks and pulleys, the tinsel and limelight of the show which is life, and on which Death's deep starlessness falls; the curtain down, the puppets boxed, the Master asleep? It is unamiable, uncouth, obstinate, crooked verse; and yet strangely rich and charged and graphic it can be—like ore ashimmer with metal.



Statue of Lieutenant Walter Hamilton, Erected in Dublin Museum.

From "The Story of the Guides." (See p. 108.)

It is in the scenery, the stage directions, the songs, that we catch glimpses of the Hardy of "The Woodlanders," of "Tess" and of the Poems. The figures of countrymen, deserters, servants and sailors, and so on, live with that extraordinary still, meaningful sense of reality which only occasional and vivid memories and dreams have the power of evoking in most men. They are created. They will live as easily and clearly—laugh, jest, scoff, love, jilt and die—ten thousand years hence, just as they do now. It is the supreme gift of genius. The lightness of life, its *insouciance*, its heedlessness, beauty, gaiety, gallantry, youth, stream through these pages foiled with piercing vividness by the noisome terror and grossness and insanity of war.

"The winter is more merciless, and snow continues to fall upon a deserted expanse of unenclosed land in Lithuania. Some scattered birch-bushes merge in a forest in the background.

"It is growing dark, though nothing distinguishes where the sun sets. There is no sound except that of a shuffling of feet in the direction of a bivouac. Here are gathered tattered men like skeletons. Their noses and ears are frostbitten, and pus is oozing from their eyes.

"These stricken shades in a limbo of gloom are among the last survivors of the French army. Few of them carry arms. One squad, ploughing through snow above their knees, and with icicles dangling from their hair that clink like glass-lustres as they walk, go into the birch-wood, and are heard chopping. . . .

"*Russian Officer.* Prince, here's a curious picture. They are dead.

"*Kutúzof* (with indifference). Oh, naturally. After the snow was down
I marked a sharpening of the air last night.
We shall be stumbling on such frost-baked meats
Most of the way to Wilna.

"*Officer* (examining the bodies). They all sit
As they were living still, but stiff as horns;
And even the colour has not left their cheeks,
Whereon the tears remain in strings of ice.—
It was a marvel they were not consumed:
Their clothes are cindered by the fire in front,
While at their back the frost has caked them hard.

"*Kutúzof.* 'Tis well. So perish Russia's enemies!"

How futile seems criticism of work like this. How shallow praise. Or take just his random people of every day:

"*Fourth Woman* (to a little girl). Now, my dear, come and help me with this one (she goes with the girl to a soldier in red with green facings who lies some distance off). Ah! 'tis no good. He's gone.

"*Girl.* No, mother. His eyes are wide open, a-staring to get a sight of the battle!

"*Fourth Woman.* That's nothing. Lots of dead ones stare in that silly way. It depends upon where they were hit."

What character, nature, humanity, thought; how tender an irony went to the making of these few lines!

It is curious to reflect on the wonderful chance that after all his fascinating and beautiful novels; after his intensely personal poems—almost Donne-like in their packed phrases—Mr. Hardy should have lived to give the world this supreme work of thought, design, and imagination. Time will set "The Dynasts" in its place, when all our feeble chattering quarrel with our own day has long fallen silent. But what good that may mean, and whose, let the Phantom Intelligences decide. WALTER DE LA MARE.

A SCHOOL OF ART.*

Incidentally we may learn from this book the history of the decline of a village. A certain number of students were attracted by the artist's reputation to assemble together and work under his direction in some studios he had built for them; then the students required lodgings and new houses were planned, and thus the fatal impetus was given that sent the village on the way of all villages in the neighbourhood of London; it became a suburb. It is usual to regard this work of ruin with complacency, and Sir Hubert von Herkomer is quite pleased at having inaugurated a suburb. He says that when he set about making an art school in a village (at Bushey in Hertfordshire) he was doing something never attempted before.

His essay at Bushey, however, covers a period of strenuous endeavour and seeking for light among art students generally. Artists were as plentiful as blackberries, in Falstaffian phrase, in the village communities of the later nineteenth century, and students flocked first to one locality and then to another as if they hoped to "catch" technique at Rye, at Bosham, or at Amberley. Newlyn repeated the tale of Barbizon; and other fishing villages in Cornwall, and then Devon, took up the story and told it to picturesque harbours on the Yorkshire coast, to Whitby and to Robin Hood's Bay. It was a period that saw the foundation of the New English Art Club, when we heard talk of a revival of art in England, and there was hurrying to and fro from Chelsea to Montmartre and the Notre Dame des Champs. It was in those days that we saw the horizon move from its accustomed place and mount to within an inch of the top of the picture frame, and we gazed on pictorial worlds ever enveloped in dim mists and peopled with weird shapes that looked not like inhabitants of earth. Then did the British Artists in Suffolk Street vow fealty to Mr. Whistler, and anon there were differences of opinion and recriminations, and Mr. Whistler shook the dust of Suffolk Street from off his feet; the artists came out thence, he said of himself and his following, and the British remained. And now we learn, in these later days, once enthusiastic revivalists are to be found painting portraits of quite ordinary folk, not weird portraits but as like as life; they are become as British as you please, nay they are tame as Royal Academicians. Perhaps they are Royal Academicians, for thus does the whirligig of time bring in its revenges.

Our book gives no hint of this eventful history, but impounds the reader in Bushey, there to hear the gospel of Sir Hubert von Herkomer. It was a gospel that to some extent marched with the times, nevertheless, though the ports of Bushey, if one may say so, were closed against imports, and the art, literature, music, drama, and society of Bushey were all home grown. The Professor set his students to work from the life and discouraged the study of the antique in preliminary classes. He insisted upon perspective in touch, and this at a time when French tools were your only wear, and armed with large square brushes all progressive students ranged themselves in serried ranks under the banner of the Newlyn painters; indeed, it was commonly reported that the oracle of Bushey spoke of direct square brushwork as the "postage-stamp style of painting," but this criticism does not appear in the volume before us. He thought a painter should desire above all things to attain to quality in his pictures, but he does not explain what quality is, though he knows it when he sees it, and perhaps we do too. We may assume that it is the painter's variation upon the theme, *le style c'est l'homme*.

It is the creed of the present writer that the mission of painting in the modern state is to conquer the kingdom of the air; to discover and reveal truths of light and atmosphere. This has been the work of all the impressionists from Turner onward, this the triumph of the modern Dutch school and the glory of Barbizon. If Sir Hubert von Herkomer is not fully in sympathy with this great movement in painting, it is interesting to see how unconsciously he falls into line with the modern trend of thought when he attempts success in a minor art. He wrote a pictorial music play and staged it in his own theatre at Bushey. Shocked at the aberrations of the ordinary stage moon, he determined to present to his audience an atmospheric sky and a moon that should be true to nature, and he describes how he worked out these problems at Bushey with the aid of his students. He says the secret of scenic art lies in illusion, that is in visual deception, and here he comes upon the truth of the whole matter, we venture to think, with regard to all pictorial art, and not only to scene-painting in particular, which is what he is speaking of:

"Light is the most potent factor in scenic art. By its magic the most trumpery materials are transformed into priceless fabrics; tinsel into gold and silver; and a few feet of canvas into vast distances. It is proper lighting rather than good painting upon which the success of a scene depends."

* "My School and my Gospel." By Sir Hubert von Herkomer, C.V.O., R.A., D.C.L. 21s. net. (Archibald Constable.)

AN ELIZABETHAN NOVELIST.*

Robert Greene has been almost forgotten except for his calling a greater man bad names, and this reprint of his romantic tale, "Pandosto," is (could irony be carried further?) published in the "Shakespeare Library." People remember that Greene called Shakespeare "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," but Greene himself has dropped into obscurity, although one of the most famous novelists of Elizabethan times, and one from whom, after all, Shakespeare found it worth while to steal.

And yet Greene was a man not lightly to be thrown on the dustheap of forgotten mediocrities. The lively fellow, "with a jolly red peaked beard," who could "yark up a pamphlet in a single night," and do it so well that the booksellers were glad to pay "for the very dregs of his wit," was much more than a mere maker of books, although, like Shakespeare, like Goldsmith, like Hazlitt, like Scott, he was not an artist for art's sake alone. He and his works deserve much better than oblivion.

In his "love pamphlets" and his pamphlets of repentance and thievery, we find a most perfect illustration of the state of Elizabethan fiction, when "Arcadia" was written and the "Diana" of Montemayor had appeared, when men had not tired of the romances of Sir Bevis and Sir Isumbras, and yet were mad for the tapestried talk of the new "Euphues," when "Don Quixote" had not been published, and when the picaresque novel with its delightful and roguish realism had not yet built its imperishable kingdom.

In the "love pamphlets," in this very "Pandosto" that lies on the table, we find the English of Lyly, the methods of the old romance, the new influence of Italy, and the wild improbability that still had power over his audience. We must remember in reading it that for the Elizabethans, fortunate people, probability and improbability had no existence as relative terms. Everything was credible, and one of the joys of romance reading was the exercise of faith.

* "Greene's Pandosto." Edited by P. G. Thomas. The Shakespeare Classics. (Chatto.)

Surely there were more wonders in the world than ever came to London Bridge, and yet every day ships were coming and going, sailing to and from strange lands that might hold anything. After a Euphuistic dedication, and a little preface on jealousy, from which "oft ensueth bloddy revenge, as this ensuing history manifestly proveth," Greene leads off with "In the country of Bohemia there reigned a king called Pandosto." Bohemia is an island—no matter. Pandosto in a most oblinging manner, "to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem," slays himself at the finish—no matter again. The audience has not yet been educated out of fairy tales, and Greene writes with the careless assurance that his listeners are hanging on his words.

But, although Shakespeare took the plot, and even many of the phrases of "A Winter's Tale," from this little fantasy, it is not the best of Greene's works, but one written in the fashion of the day. It is in his other books, not in his "love pamphlets," that we find those breathings of realism and pictures of contemporary life that give his name a permanent importance.

These other books were far more personal to the writer of them, and depend more closely on his own life and character. He was a wild liver and yet a moralist. He had married young, but because his wife was more assiduous than his conscience, he left her after one year, in order the more freely to keep on his riotous way. He enjoyed debauch and the company of rapscallions better than virtue and the society of sober citizens. And out of this came his best work. For presently his conscience began to oscillate between hibernation and wakefulness with a periodicity that exactly corresponded to the fulness or emptiness of his purse. When he had money he drank and sported it with courtesans and thieves, and when he had none and was forced to the yarking up of a pamphlet, his conscience, at these times extremely active, made him lament his follies and excess in the very writings that were to fill his purse and enable him to pursue them afresh. His pamphlets of repentance, studded with heartstricken confessions of a not at all respectable life, brought him the money for at least as many riotous adventures as they ashamedly contemned.

But he was not a hypocrite. His alternation of roysterer and puritan was neither flippant nor knavish. He was not base, but only simple as a child. When he was ashamed he was violently ashamed; when he was tempted, he could resist the temptation no more easily than a child the brightly coloured poisonous sweets it knows it should refuse. There was nothing clever in his life (when he was cross with Shakespeare he called him names). He was never mean. Tossed, riotous, unstable, uncontrolled, he had a good heart. Of all the medley of errant personalities that the Elizabethan age produced, his is the most lovable, the most forgivable.

A SACRED DRAMA.*

Mr. Charles M. Doughty's new poem is a "sacred drama in five songs" on the Judæo-Arabian legend of Adam (or Adamu) and Eve (or Adama or Hawwa), who after being cast forth from Paradise wandered separately for a hundred years before they met again on a desolate mountain, and then only after much anguish found the place allotted to them on the earth and settled there. The other characters are Satan, Ezriel, Cherubim, Angels and Spirits, the Hours, Night, Day, and the Months. As might have been expected from the author of "The Dawn in Britain," the drama is remarkable for the clear heroic portraiture of the simple man and woman in their stupendous environment. After his wanderings Adam is dwarfed, blackened, and sightless, so that he knows the approach of Eve on the "gaunt, quick-striding, hoary" camel only by her voice, while she herself has almost forgotten speech. In their miserable joy at first meeting Eve binds herself to Adam with vines lest they should again be separated. An angel voice proclaims the end of punishment and they descend to the Valley of the Lord's Rest, passing on their way Eve's camel, now dead:

> "Eigh me! and is not Adam this the death?
> Whereof dark Angel of the Punishment spake,
> In day, when the Lord angry was with us.
> My camel is and is not! Fowl we knew not,
> Fret, with crude bloody beaks, ah her cold flesh!"

In the valley, Eve gathers flowers and fruit for Adam, and sees in the clear water one more fair than he is:

> "The appearance of an Angel which I knew not:
> Which, whilst I looked, seemed woman. . . ."

In a quaintly natural passage, Adam asks Eve to tell him the story of her wanderings, but at once consents first to tell his at her request. Her story of Eden and of the eviction follows his.

Mr. Doughty's genius—the genius which created Caradoc, Togodumnos, Carvilios, Cloten, Embla, and Herfryd—makes these two at once peasant-like in their simplicity and noble and sublime without any Miltonic stiffness and dignity. They eat, drink, and talk and labour, and Mr. Doughty's natural piety clothes them with more than kingliness. After the rest in the Valley, they have to toil for five days over harsh barren hills under a burning sun, before they can attain the Earth which is to be given to them. This struggle could only have been depicted by the desert's "sternest painter and her best." Man and wife, they long "for those broad, cool sappy leaves of Eden" in the hot waste; yet they have no green sickness and verbosity of regret. Comparison is not very helpful, and Wordsworth's "Leech Gatherer" is almost the only poem with which this part of the drama can be compared. They all but fail before they reach Earth's Gate.

> "Ah, Lord, I see two Cherubim sit thereat;
> And very terrible is their countenance."

Adam is shown visions of the generations to come. They pass through the "Valley of Vision," and behold the sea and taste its bitter wave; they go up to the "Mountain of Frankincense" and God accepts their offering. In the autumn they make their house of a cave, and they learn the first simple arts of fire, of agriculture, of herding; and in the cave Eve's children are born. The last words are Adam's, comforting Eve, who fears the sound of the winter rains outside.

The whole piece occupies little short of a year. A frequently intervening chorus helps on the action and completes the setting by a frank artifice which few artists could have used with such impunity. The result, though in

The Stone in Panyer Alley.
From "The 'Passer-By' in London." (See p. 109.)

* "Adam cast Forth." By Charles M. Doughty. 4s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

the nature of an epic, is so certainly a splendid achievement of the poet's original aim, that the dramatic form, the use of the chorus and some other devices, are not to be questioned except pedantically. It is a piece of absolute creation; the two human figures are carved out of the carver's brain; they stand out like trees against a sunset; they live as do the figures in a folk-story, or in the book of Job. Nor is there any false simplicity in the creation, any more than there is a mere archaism in Mr. Doughty's elaborate style, for the simplicity, the primitiveness, are in answer to a need of our own day; they are no relapse into the ages of the great epic poets whom Mr. Doughty admires; they are of our time, perhaps for all time, for the intensity of the poet's sincerity is incomparable.

WILD HONEY FROM VARIOUS THYME.*

Perhaps the authors known as Michael Field write for posterity. I hope so, for I might thus be excused for not being able to make anything of many verses in their book. And yet there are places where it seems possible that they have achieved obscurity by that most fertile of methods—the search of the proper word for something imperfectly apprehended. In this search, first comes a vague common word with a moment's value; then flocks of uncommon words, of which a hundred might excusably be harboured for awhile; through these the writer toils towards the one. The song the Sirens sang was of words, words, and most sweet they are to a curious mind; one by one they suggest new meanings never dreamed of before, and so there is born a sonnet beginning:

"He is black, intense in blackness, round his head
The light a nectarine dead-ripe emits.
His silence re-adjusts: his voice by fits
Rubs faintly the edges of things said.
His rampant vision nothing can perturb:
Flashes serene of searing radiance come
From eyes most still: his carriage has the curb
Of a young morning thrust, alert and dumb. . . ."

That is called "One of the Wise," and may stand for a clergyman. In the sonnet called "Reality" it does seem certain that Michael Field is content with some of these half-way words —

"Be but thy absence present, vigorous,
Not spectral, nor of body to appal,
As in the night I watch the genius
Of the great barges flicker on the wall:
I waken to the sputter and the noise,
I feel the speed by the race-lightning dance. . . ."

Can "genius" and "race-lightning" really have satisfied these artists?

That they are artists no one who reads even this one volume can doubt. The curiosity, if not the freshness, of the Renaissance is in their mythology. The rendering of moods is often of such subtlety—and of a beauty that overcomes the subtlety—that it is no wonder they have sometimes fallen short of their distant aims. I should like to quote about twelve sonnets to glorify their luxuriant yet terse pictorial power, their mythopœic magic, the richness of their allusions, their images, the very words, in choicest dyes and perfumes. To choose from these twelve or so is impossible. I take these therefore, at random, and this is "The Feeding of Apollo":

"Ambrosia, nectar for Apollo!" See.
One riseth from the purple, backward night
Behind the throne of Zeus—a woman white,
Not in her hair alone, but silverly
Her large eyes lighten and her lips are wild.
With frank strict hand she pours the young god wine,
And lays before him food, without a sign
Save that so white her countenance hath smiled.
Then Themis leaves him and he watches her
Back to her saint-like seat: but with a sigh
He hears sweet laughter round the cups and plates;
Till enmities of youth his mettle stir
As unembarrassed Hebe passes by,
And, slender, on the old Tithonus waits."

This is "Clarions":

"O glorious Day, thy shining, how it shines!
Thy feet dew-washed 'mid film of turf dew-white;
Thy head anointed with a regal light
That drips in oil and amber down the pines.
Behold, how great a force dost thou employ,
Scouring our very souls, as trumpeter
The inside of his trumpet, to confer
A brilliancy on our wide blasts of joy!
We ring with music; and far over Death
Our notes are heard, as sliding thunder-rolls,
Through the gold mountains where love's deathless souls
Listen and heave more roundly their hearts' breath.
O day, and of thy infinite power the rush
Back of their breathing when our clarions hush!"

And now I have left out "Mood," "Sullenness," "A Living Altar," "Nests in Elms," "The Forest Year," "Depression!" "Being Free," "Listening," "Eros," and "April."

For beauty of style, of that indescribable and incomparable use of language that is almost never to be found except in poetry and in poetry having the form of verse, one or two passages must be quoted, such as—

"Dusk Mintha, purple-eyed, I love thy story—
Where was the grove,
Beneath what alder-strand, or poplar hoary
Did silent Hades look to thee of love. . . ."

And one more complete sonnet: "For Ever":

"There is a change in love that is not ebb,
For love, as life, must Time's behest obey;
There is the wonder of the growing web,
And lilies spin their blooms beneath the clay."
—This from my head to my sad breast I speed:
But Reason there a world of angry sighs
Encountereth—'The antique spell is dead,
And, if love's favour altereth, love dies.'
The god to my extremity—'Dear Heart,
Mourn not defect and lovely hours undone,
For every mother from her child must part,
Yea, every mother that doth rear a son!'
And blushing at the keen rebuke I pass,
Smile at the scythe and smile at Time's hour-glass."

There are very few writers with Michael Field's sense of style, with their beauty and fineness of words and rhythms. For a score of these poems are perfect accomplishments of their ends. But their ends, it must be said, have often a fatal triviality, a mere indoor cloistered grace, with an atmosphere of incense and exquisite wall-paper; and when this is not true of their ends, it is true of their treatment, so that I cannot read one of the sonnets and hardly one of the other poems without disturbing thoughts and beautiful objects in place of a sense of beauty and energy and joy.

SYMBOLISM IN LITERATURE.*

"The Symbolist Movement in Literature" is a revised reprint of the volume of the same title published nine years ago. It may be merely fancy, based on the knowledge of this fact, yet, in reading it again, one seems to catch a hint (the faintest hint as of pot-pourri) of its age and pre-existence. A suggestion here and there insinuates itself of insistency, of emphasis on a point of view, or interpretation of art which may have been novel or advanced in 1899; but is not so now. It is, of course, Mr. Symons's triumph, this defeat of time. He has thought and written hastelessly on, and whether he desire it or no has made converts; or at any rate, resigned all who will listen to the belief that art can be a serious matter, quite as serious as teetotalism, or psychical research, or even (haunting shibboleth!) tariff reform.

* "The Symbolist Movement in Literature." By Arthur Symons. 5s. net. (Constable.)

* "Wild Honey from Various Thyme." By Michael Field. 5s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

None the less, symbolism has never taken very deep root in English poetry. It is, of course, "implicit in all literature from the beginning" and lies beneath the surface of all true poetry. But in its essence and alone, few are its devotees here. Its Jerusalem for us is in Ireland; and Mr. Yeats, to whom this book is dedicated, is now, as then, its most ardent and original disciple.

Gérard de Nerval, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, Jules Laforgue, Stéphane Mallarmé—the very names of Mr. Symons's seven exotics were delightful gifts of the Muses. One could surely only with the most strenuous efforts become a Martin Tupper after being christened Paul Verlaine. Mr. Symons deals delicately and punctiliously with all. He passes, pauses, bends here a bough, lifts there a blossom; only too conscious that one March morning's wind of Philistia would scatter the exquisite efflorescence of long years of patient culture and vigilance. Yet they met life face to face, most of these poets; life as full, tedious, malignant, desperate, and detestable as poverty, stupidity, brutality, and ugliness can make it. They accepted it scenically, physically, temporarily; but they utterly repudiated its final reality; turned in and away from it to their own over-curious minds and imaginations for truth and peace; and possibly, like most of us, found but seldom either there, save at haphazard, and at moments beyond consciousness to dictate or circumvent. All such subterfuges and stratagems, all such elaboration of thought and fancy-spinning, all such extreme sensitiveness, whether of beauty or of religion, or of philosophy, are morbid—cries triumphant Commonsense—assonance, earthworm, incense, or category. Mr. Symons himself supplies sufficient illustration.

"On the 20th, he (Gérard de Nerval) came into the office of the review, and showed Gautier and Maxime du Camp an apron-string which he was carrying in his pocket. 'It is the girdle,' he said, 'that Madame de Maintenon wore when she had *Esther* performed at Saint-Cyr.' On the 24th he wrote to a friend: 'Come and prove my identity at the police-station of the Châtelet.' The night before he had been working at his manuscript in a pot-house of Les Halles, and had been arrested as a vagabond. He was used to such little misadventures, but he complained of the difficulty of writing. 'I set off after an idea,' he said, 'and lose myself; I am hours in finding my way back. Do you know I can scarcely write twenty lines a day, the darkness comes about me so close!' He took out the apron-string. 'It is the garter of the Queen of Sheba,' he said. The snow was freezing on the ground, and on the night of the 25th, at three in the morning, the landlord of a 'penny doss' in the Rue de la Vieille-Lanterne, a filthy alley lying between the quays and the Rue de Rivoli, heard some one knocking at the door, but did not open, on account of the cold. At dawn, the body of Gérard de Nerval was found hanging by the apron-string to a bar of the window."

One pauses breathless over this Work of Life. It is inimitable. Compare it with Mr. George Moore's account of his meeting with Verlaine in Paris and—well, it is less easy than at first appeared, to adorn the tale.

It is always with renewed admiration that one reads again Mr. Symons's prose. It is so quiet, so dexterous and sure of touch, so unassumingly punctilious. And being all this, what a zest it gives to such unexpected and vivid vignettes of character and personality as stand out here and there in his pages: his description of Huysmans, hidden away in the notes at the end of the volume, for instance; his reminiscences of Mallarmé and Verlaine.

But not less admirable than his form is his matter; if indeed it be really possible to consider them apart. It is rich in real thought, real apprehension. But of course, though poetry and symbolism are his themes, by that road as directly as by any other one comes on reality. For whatever creed a man may treasure in his heart, for staff, for battlecry, for dream; whether of science, or religion, or art; life flows deeper yet than that. And when one peers too anxiously, analyses too unsparingly and too minutely another's vague, unproven, yet all-meaning hope, it seems the danger comes of letting fly one's own. Again and again in this book Mr. Symons seems to read himself into these mysterious personalities; making them too consciously complex, too aware, too classifiable. He gladly realises such a possibility. Surely Paul Verlaine sang much as a bird sings; sinned as all men sin, as lightly biassed as he; and repented as wildly as every other man of such tempestuous emotions and remorse may. His poetry was part, and part only, of his life; only the means of crying, as all the children of men cry—Me, me, and Home, and Mother! Our inmost reality, whosesoever be the voice that proclaims it, is that solitary, icily-still, desperate pathway, tortuous, darkened, and narrow, from to-day's self's truth, to to-morrow's. But who can foretell what wasteful Nature intends with our seed, or silence with our consciousness?

PETRARCH.*

Nothing could be more wholesome and kindly in tone than this account of the great Humanist and Poet. Mr. Holway-Calthrop has made careful use of such modern authorities as de Sade, Fracassetti, and Dr. Koerting, to whom he acknowledges his obligations; but he has wisely recognised that after all, to use his own words, "Petrarch himself is far and away the most important authority for his own biography." This constitutes the special charm of the book for the general reader; the quotations from Petrarch's letters are admirably chosen, and give a real and vivid insight into a life and character which seem all compact of contrasts and contradictions. Living in a rapturous communion with the spirits of Pagan authors, yet never swerving from his Christian orthodoxy; a recluse haunting mountain solitudes, and a frequenter of courts and "the first of the tourists"; the platonic lover of Laura and the quite un-platonic lover of another: the eager patriot, burning for the freedom of the Roman people at the very moment when he is accepting the hospitality and patronage of the great and unscrupulous tyrants who held all Italy in bondage: it is this perpetual and many-sided contradiction which constitutes at once the fascination of Petrarch's character and the difficulty of writing his life. It is very well brought out in the present volume.

Perhaps the least satisfactory part of the book is the author's defence of Petrarch's relations with the tyrant lords of Italy. The common defence, that he must be judged by the morals of his age, is certainly not sufficient. His friend Boccaccio was a man of the same age, and not too nice in some directions; but he was goaded into a strong expostulation when he saw him acting as orator and diplomatist for "the Great Viper" of Milan, the Archbishop Giovanni Visconti—it seemed to him a pure betrayal of Italy. Mr. Holway-Calthrop admits this in the case of the letter which Petrarch wrote for Galeazzo Visconti to the Pavian patriot Bussolari; but in most of the other cases his defence is, to say the least, peculiar. The tyrants were brilliant, intellectual, strenuous men: "if morality could be banished from the world, they might be taken as types of complete manhood"—as if morality were not the chief element of manhood, and as if Petrarch did not know this perfectly. Or take the following defence of his friendship with Jacopo II. da Carrara of Padua, "who obtained his lordship by murder and forgery, and used it to promote the welfare of his city and the interests of art and learning": "Loaded thus with honours and benefits, Petrarch may be forgiven if he ignored Jacopo's crimes, which he had not personally witnessed, and celebrated in terms of unstinted eulogy his friend's virtues and charm, of which he had daily experience in the intimacy of private life." The plain truth is, Petrarch was essentially an egotist, with a convenient faculty of closing his eyes to the greatest of crimes in patrons who gave him such pleasant and comfortable

* "Petrarch, His Life and Times." By H. C. Holway-Calthrop. 12s. 6d. (Methuen & Co.)

proofs of their appreciation of his supreme merit as poet and scholar. They on their side quite understood that he was, as Symonds says, "an incurable rhetorician," much too fond of himself to allow his Ode to Italy and his denunciations of tyrants to cheat him out of the same tyrants' friendship and patronage.

It is pleasant to turn from this side of Petrarch's life to what is perhaps the most fundamental thing in his character—his genius for friendship. It is sometimes suggested that he "needed friends for the maintenance of his intellectual activity at the highest point of its effectiveness"; but there was something deeper than this. "In my friendship," he writes with obvious sincerity, "I practise no art, except to love utterly, to trust utterly, to feign nothing, to hide nothing, and, in a word, to pour out everything into my friend's ears just as it comes from my heart." He drew hosts of friends around him, and his suffering was very keen when death withdrew them. More than once he acted the peacemaker among his friends so gently and lovingly that our author is justified in saying that "the world has not seen his superior in the delicate diplomacies of friendship." There must have been in such a man a core of genuine goodness, if, as Plato affirms, "the evil man never attains to any real friendship."

The influence of Laura on Petrarch's intellectual development is carefully brought out, especially in the marvellous delicacy of workmanship in the Canzoniere, and the skill with which every movement of the human heart is caught, "from the fervour of indomitable passion to the airiest trick of graceful fancy." The question of the identity of Laura is rightly left unsolved. The one point of certainty, according to our author, is that she was a real woman. He dismisses the idea with which Petrarch's friends twitted him, that "Laura" was simply the laurel crown of poetry with which he was in love. It was not concerning the poet's laurel that he wrote "with a kind of bitter sweetness" the dates of his first sight of her and of her death on the fly-leaf of his Virgil for no eye but his own: "Laura, a shining example of virtue in herself, and for many years made known to fame by my poems, first came visibly before my eyes in the season of my early youth, in the year of our Lord 1327, on the 6th day of the month of April, in the Church of St. Clara of Avignon, in the morning. And in the same city, on the same day of the same month, at the same hour of Prime, but in the year 1348, the bright light of her life was taken away from the light of this earth." Whoever she was, married or unmarried, there is no doubt of her moral influence on Petrarch's inner life. "Through love of her," he says, "I attained to love of God." "It was she who reclaimed my youthful spirit from all baseness."

The chapter on Petrarch as the Founder of Humanism is one of the best in the book. Petrarch was by no means the only scholar of his age, but he was the only one who had that peculiar combination of qualities which could create an enthusiasm for ancient literature. But perhaps what will appeal most to the modern reader is his Familiar Letters, in which the very man himself is revealed as a personality of singular charm. Space forbids quotation, but nothing can be a more delightful revelation of the man than his description of his two gardens in his beloved retreat at Vaucluse—his only regret being "that such beauty should exist anywhere out of Italy"; his whimsical account of his quasi-ascetic life, and of the old wife of his farm-bailiff—"a bright example of female ugliness," whose "soul is as white as her skin is swarthy"; and his sincere sorrow at the death of her husband, "with whom for fifteen years he had shared all his troubles." It is with sincere pleasure that we recommend this interesting book, not simply for its appreciation of Petrarch as a poet and scholar, but even more for the way in which it brings out the human interest of his life and of the discords by which it was torn and divided. The reader will find it easy to acquiesce in the author's closing words: "As a consummate artist he wins our admiration; as father of the new learning he claims our filial piety; but most of all we love and cherish in him the eager student, the passionate devotee of high ideals, the incomparable friend."

ROBERT BURNS, COMMENTATOR.*

Exactly a hundred years ago R. H. Cromek published his "Reliques of Robert Burns." The book professed to contain a number of comments by Burns on his own and some of the earlier versions of Scottish song, comments which every editor of Burns copied verbatim from Cromek as the genuine work of the poet. It appears, however, that Cromek's transcript is far from accurate, and that he also added considerably to the Notes, without so much as differentiating what were his and what Burns's. And it is only now, after all these years, that we have come into possession of the true text of that which Burns actually wrote. One hesitates to allege that Cromek designed to "deceive" his readers, as the Preface to the present volume seems to hint; but there is at least a suspicion that Cromek, who was one of the first of the now wide cult of Burns, did not act quite circumspectly in the circumstances. His additions are harmless enough, however. Nevertheless, there is a niche for the present work, which Burns students will find interesting and helpful.

The story of the Notes is as follows: Burns wrote them in an interleaved copy of the *Scots Musical Museum*, which he afterwards presented to Riddell of Friars Carse, his friend and neighbour at Ellisland. After Riddell's death, in 1794, the volumes (there were four—all that were published in the life-time of Burns) passed to his widow, who in turn gave them to her niece, Miss Eliza Bayley, of Manchester. It was then that Cromek made his all too cursory examination of them. How the volumes found their way to the London salerooms is not known; but they were bought, at any rate, "for an old song" by Mr. John Salkeld, bookseller, who resold them in 1870 for £110 to a collector, Mr. Adolphus F. Nichols. At his demise in 1902 they were inherited, along with 30,000 other volumes, by his housekeeper, a Miss Oakshott, who knew nothing about books, and wished to dispose of them *en bloc*. Thus we find them reappearing at Sotheby's (October 30, 1903), purchased by Mr. Quaritch for £610, and sold privately to an American client, Mr. George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, in whose possession they now are. An exact transcript of the original MS., which has had the advantage of Mr. Thomas's revision, occupies all but sixty pages of the present compilation. A collation of this with Cromek's copy brings out the following result: Out of 173 Notes printed by Cromek, only 127 are verbatim copies; eighteen are garbled or imperfect, of which four differ entirely from the MS. and another four are written partly by Burns and partly by Riddell; fourteen are written entirely by Riddell or other than Burns; lastly, fourteen are not in the MS. at all, and the leaves of four of those have been cut out and are now missing. On the other hand, seven short Notes by Burns are not printed, and in place of that on *Auld Lang Syne* there is a complete and hitherto unsuspected holograph copy of the song.

In these Notes Burns passes beyond the mere character of songster. He is here the historian and the custodian of the national minstrelsy. What Burns did not know about his country's song-literature was scarcely worth knowing. That he had a fair understanding of music, too, and was able to finger a fiddle with no little skill, are facts made clear enough in these pages. Unlike Scott, he could sing ("such as it was," he said); yet he had ear and voice sufficient to remember and to reproduce about forty fugitive airs which he collected, and for which he penned

* "Notes on Scottish Song." By Robert Burns. Edited by the late James C. Dick. 10s. 6d. (Henry Frowde.)

as many sets of verses. Indeed, what Scott accomplished for the ballads of the Borderland, Burns may be held to have accomplished for the ancient and all-but-forgotten tunes that were still floating about in the farm-kitchens and stray nooks of the Nith and Ayr. Burns *was* a musical enthusiast, and Scotland is as much indebted to him for the perpetuation of her music as for her wealth of lyrical charm. This is one of the chief contentions of Mr. Dick's pleasant monograph. Not its least interesting parts are the chapters on "Scottish Song prior to Burns" and "Burns and his Songs," as well as the wonderfully illuminating and informative Appendix. Merlin and Thomas the Rhymer stand at the beginning of that ever-lengthening roll of Scotland's singing children whose glory culminated in Burns, but of whose living representatives (*per longo intervallo*, to be sure) the name is legion.

It is a regret to remember that the careful and scholarly compiler of this latest accession to Burnsiana passed away before his book left the press. For this, among other reasons, it is a pity to have limited the number of copies to 255. Cromek's initials, by the way, should be R. H., not R. C.

W. S. CROCKETT.

Novel Notes.

THE GREY KNIGHT. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The authoress calls this an autumn love-story, and its atmosphere answers to the sub-title. The reader breathes the air which Mrs. de la Pasture contrives to reproduce in her very attractive stories—an air of ripe, even mellow human wisdom. Love comes to both hero and heroine in the autumn of their life; for the heroine, at least, in her early autumn. Mrs. Owen, a pretty young widow, acts as a professional nurse to Sir Harry Gwyn, an elderly widower. Their engagement is broken off by a misunderstanding, due to hot temper on one side. But all comes right in the end. It is a simple plot. The success of the story does not lie in its inventiveness, but in the admirable characterisation and the quiet deftness of treatment which Mrs. de la Pasture's work continues to exhibit. Louise's life has its own pathos. Her first marriage was unhappy; it amounted to a long self-sacrifice, in which others took advantage of her good-nature. The gradual dawning of a real love is described with fine sympathy by the authoress, and there is an excellent foil in the blunt, bourgeois nature of Anna, the heroine's sister-in-law. This is emphatically an attractive story, emotional without being sentimental, and pathetic without falling into tearful hysterics.

THE GREAT AMULET. By Maud Diver. 6s. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

If any novel-readers survive who take a novel's title as a literal clue to its contents, they will probably expect to find that the scene of this story lies in the East. So it does. But Mrs. Diver's amulet is Love. "Love," said Stevenson, "is the great Amulet that makes this world a garden"; it is not one of Stevenson's happiest phrases, but it serves Mrs. Diver's turn. She has given us another Anglo-Indian story, which will rank with "Captain Desmond, V.C." Both deal with the problem of a marriage which promises disaster. In fact, this story starts with a marriage in the first chapter; before the marriage-day is done, husband and wife are separated by a quarrel, and the rest of the book is devoted to a study of their slow re-union. The conflict of temperaments is extremely well drawn. Mrs. Diver never becomes abstract or airy. She has plenty of living men and women on the scene, who are very different from the lay-figures which do duty in the average Anglo-Indian tale. She gets her heroine, Quita, from Zermatt to India by what is rather a *tour de force*. But once that is over, the tale flows on with a convincing and vigorous current. Mrs. Diver not only takes the reader inside real Anglo-Indian life, as that is lived by people who have more to do than "play tennis with the ten commandments," but invests the complications of marriage with profound interest. This finest of all arts, the art of living together, is the theme of her story, and we could not wish a healthier or more original study of the problem. It is a genuine pleasure to come across a story of such ability and vitality.

ANNE PAGE. By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

There is no doubt that the conduct of Anne Page, cleverly as Miss Syrett justifies and idealises and ennobles it, will rather shock the majority of readers. She is middle-aged, yet remains fascinatingly young; she is simple, natural, thoughtful, sweetly serious, and when a brilliant artist, much younger than herself, falls passionately in love with her, she, because she loves him, foresees that if she married him she would by-and-by warp his genius, mar his career, and plunge him into unhappiness, therefore she holds him in check, sends him from her miserable, and then goes to him in Paris and tells him she has resolved to live with him as his wife until he wearies of her. He would sooner marry her, but accepts this arrangement; there is a year or two of happiness, and on the first sign that his love is passing from her, she leaves him and returns to be the Lady Bountiful of her village home in England, preferring to keep her dream of love and joy unbroken. There is perhaps too much of raw artifice about the timely happening of the incidents that save Anne from being exposed by the Vicar, and being ostracised and despised in the village, when that gentleman's small-souled wife ferrets out her secret, and you may think most of the arguments for Anne's unconventionality are grey sophistries that ought not to lift their hoary heads again, but there is no denying the skill and power of the story, no getting away from the interest of it.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By Robert W. Chambers. 6s. (Constable.)

The first few pages of the first chapter of "The Tree of Heaven" prepare you for some of the weird, mystic, wonderful tales that are to follow. A young, but great "Psychic Scientist," author of several works of occult philosophy, who has been absent from New York since the happening of a strange and awful event in which he played a part, is entertaining a company of his friends at the Lenox Club before departing to resume an appointment he holds in the East, and towards the end of the evening he suddenly awes and mystifies them by exerting his psychic powers, and in veiled and figurative language foretelling something of what in the hidden future awaited each of them. "The Carpet of Belshazzar" unravels the truth about that eerie and haunting event that had driven the young Scientist into banishment some years before; then follow the nine stories in which what he had foretold of his friends' lives comes to pass: admirably varied stories of the supernatural, of pity and horror, of romantic adventure, of love and happy living. They are vividly and brilliantly imagined, and written very ingeniously and with a ripe cunning in the art of narration that few living novelists could equal.

THE HATE FLAME. By Percy Barron. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Percy Barron writes attractively and forcibly; he knows the Irish character, the charm and the weakness of it; and his pictures of the Irish peasantry, of the well-to-do patriots who live in London, and, instead of studying modern languages and working for the commercial and

industrial betterment of their country, attend classes to learn the obsolete Gaelic language and agitate to have it taught in the national schools; his pictures of the priests who collect great sums of money and build magnificent churches in the midst of a starving people—all such things as these are bound to rouse a deal of resentment, and to bring furious scorn and denial and denunciation down upon the head of the author. But these are only part of the background of a very delightful love idyll. Jack Bullen, a typical young Englishman, has lost his heart to the winsome, wilful Irish Kathleen. He is a student at Heidelberg, and there an Irish student who belongs to a different corps, and whose name is unknown to him, publicly vilifies the English, and covertly insults young Bullen and goads him into an inevitable duel. The Irishman, through his own violent and malicious fighting, is killed, and it is necessary that Jack should promptly get away home. He contrives to see Kathleen at her convent-school, and learns that a terrible misfortune has fallen upon her uncle and he has wired for her to go and rejoin him in Ireland. It turns out that her cousin, who was at Heidelberg, has been killed in a duel by an Englishman whose name has not transpired. Her uncle is frantic with grief at the loss of his son, and mad with black rage against the man who slew him. He has always cherished a blind hatred of the Saxon, and raved of freedom and roared about justice, and neglected the needs of his miserable tenantry whilst he was so doing; and he now forces Kathleen, in the presence of the priest, to swear that if she ever discovers the man who killed her cousin, she will do what she can to avenge him. After her uncle is dead, when she is living with friends, and Jack is doing practical work that shall benefit himself and the peasantry of a certain district in Ireland, his rival, an Irishman, learns of Kathleen's vow, finds out the name of the unknown man she had sworn it against, and reveals it to her, with results that the reader had hoped for, though the end of it all is not, perhaps, what he will wish it had been.

THE HOUSE OF CARDS. By Lady Troubridge. 6s. (Hutchinson & Co.)

This story is really one of two men and a woman, whose troubles spring from the marriage of the latter. Meriel Manister, a bright and noble young heiress, is married, for her money, by a youth, Bobby Hayden, who is worse than a kleptomaniac. The revelation of his real character soon dawns on Meriel, and her disgust drives her to treat him with a severity which the reader feels is hardly too severe. Lady Troubridge, however, makes her play the quixotic part of giving him chance upon chance, and this rôle is forced upon her by the man whom she really loves. Thurston plays his difficult part with care. He does his best for the degenerate husband, but it is a relief when the latter disappears from the scene and the way is left open for Meriel and Thurston to enjoy their tardy happiness. The interest of the book lies not so much in the fashionable folk who flit through its pages as in the study of Hayden's moral decline. Lady Troubridge has spent more strength on the analysis of his qualities and demerits than she has upon her style, which is not always above reproach. But there is a certain piquancy about the story which overcomes the sense of contempt excited by a number of the leading figures.

THE KIN OF HELEN. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Marriott is "at it" again. He has written one of his subtle, psychological stories, to show that the woman question cannot be solved as simply as suburban ethics think. The hero reflects that through all there is "a free love which" is "neither the ludicrous complication of marriage generally understood by the term, nor a foolish denial or cowardly evasion of sex." To this profound conclusion Mr. Paul Hecarell is led by a series of facts, the first of which is that once, on a holiday, he met a young woman who, as he found out afterwards, was living with a man in London. This has diverted Mr. Paul from the priesthood. But if he played the fool on his holidays, he played the same rôle in London afterwards by his obtuse treatment of Joan, the lady in question, and one is not sorry that he was thrown off by a girl to whom he had engaged himself. Mr. Marriott sketches some interesting women in his story, particularly a Miss Chalfont. He is at his best in tracing the influence of these women upon one another, and the effect of Joan's personality upon the men with whom she is thrown in contact. But there is an elusiveness about the hero which spoils the movement of the book. He is a sort of heretical prig in the matter of marriage, and the reader finds it rather hard to get up much interest in his proceedings.

RICHARD LANGHORNE. "The Story of a Socialist." By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. 6s. (W. Blackwood & Sons.)

Mr. Bartlett's hope and theory is that if sensible Socialists could only be brought under the fascination of society ladies, especially when they are unmarried, their madcap schemes for the re-distribution of property would melt into the thin air. His hero, a Socialist leader in Parliament, sees the error of his ways by intercourse with Cynthia Pellinore, one of the aristocrats whom he had begun by denouncing. The story of the change is told with a lot of humour and insight. Mr. Bartlett describes country-house life and Socialist disputes with equal gusto. But there is far too much rhetoric in the book. The author's convictions have run away with his art, and the dialogue tends to become a set debate. The fusion of a novel with a party-pamphlet is generally fatal to the vitality of the story, and Mr. Bartlett has not quite succeeded in imparting reality to the protagonists of his tale.

THREE MISS GRAEMES. By Miss Macnaughtan. 6s. (Murray.)

Every one has read "A Lame Dog's Diary," and a general impression of the style of this new work by the same author may most comprehensively and best be conveyed by saying that it resembles the earlier production—though not in subject-matter. There is the same geniality, the same kindly humour, the same quaint and delightful character-studies, and the same penetrative comments on life and the passing show in general. The scene, at the outset, is an island in the Western Highlands, and we are introduced to the three young sisters whose name gives the title to the story. On the death of their father, a retired military captain, the girls leave the island where they have stayed since their childhood, completely ignorant of the ways of the world, and go to London to settle with a socially ambitious but not particularly wealthy aunt, Lady Parfield, from whose home they pass to a cottage of their own in Kent, two of the sisters going abroad later and the third returning to London to earn her livelihood. The Scotch part, the residence with Lady Parfield and the doings of her poor relations, the stay in a pleasant part of Kent, and the experiences of the eldest Miss Graeme while making a living in London as a secretary to a wealthy religious lady and as typist to the Punctilio Carriage Company, give Miss Macnaughtan excellent scope for a display of her particular strength. The success of "Three Miss Graemes" should rival that of the "Diary."

THE SWORD DECIDES. By Marjorie Bowen. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

There were some who considered that in "The Glen o' Weeping" Miss Marjorie Bowen failed to fulfil the high promise of "The Viper of Milan," but even these disappointed ones will be fain to acknowledge that she makes

ample amends for that shortcoming with "The Sword Decides." She is back again here amidst the glamorous splendours and horrors and dramatic pageantry of mediæval Italy. Andreas of Hungary is on his way, with a considerable retinue, to join the wife he has not yet seen—Giovanna, granddaughter of the King of Naples who is on his death-bed. This king, Roberto, has usurped the throne that should have gone to Andreas's father, and repenting, thinks to make atonement by having married Andreas to his daughter so that he and she may be king and queen after him. On the road, Andreas receives many warnings not to go on to Naples, but he is passionate and headstrong, and pushes forward in spite of them all. The old king dies soon after his arrival, and despite his last wishes, and for all that Andreas can do, Giovanna alone is proclaimed as his successor. She is a beautiful, masterful woman, having no love for Andreas and fiercely ambitious to reign alone; and Andreas not easily yielding, she decoys him to his death—he escapes from the hands of his assassins and runs into her room for shelter, but she unbars the door and lets in his enemies, and when he clings to her they cut away her robe and drag him out to his doom. Hearing what has happened, his brother Ludovic, King of Hungary, comes bent upon vengeance; but for a while Giovanna, who has ruthlessly sacrificed all her accomplices, befools him; for a while even wins his love from the gentle Maria d'Anjou, to whom he was betrothed, and in the end, when he has learned the truth, the vengeance that follows is only half his and half the more awful vengeance of heaven. The ghastly horror of some of the incidents, the lurid, wonderful imaginative power of the whole story, remind you, if you cast about for a comparison, of the grim, great tragedies of Webster.

TABLES OF STONE. By Harold Begbie. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There is a note of deep seriousness sounding all through Mr. Harold Begbie's new novel. He sets himself to picture, in John Diver, a strong, simple, reverent, utterly sincere nature brought suddenly into contact with all the artificialities and insincerities of the fashionable London of fifty years ago. John is a resolute young man, self-centred, sternly just; "he was like a trooper in Cromwell's Ironsides. There was something implacable and majestic about him." He and his father, a kindly, profoundly religious country clergyman, have lived pretty much alone together "fifty miles from a railway-station in the midst of a wild and deserted country surrounded by a handful of primitive peasantry." His quaintness of dress, his staid manner and natural outspokenness, amuse the gay circles into which he is introduced; he is taken in hand by a smart society lady, and under the nickname of "Old Testament" becomes the curiosity of a season. He is in London to find employment, and Mr. Caversham, a proud and wealthy aristocrat, recognising the grit and greatness of the man, engages him as tutor to his son, an unfortunate lad who has been so painfully affected by an incident of his childhood that he lives in constant terror of his father, shrinks from him always, and is crazed with fear at any prospect of meeting him. One scents something of allegory in this situation and in the way in which John wins the boy to discard his fears and to believe that his father loves him. John's weakness is that he has never felt any passion of love; he judges his kind without knowing anything of their softer, more human qualities. When love comes to him it strengthens him in all his high purposes, but it does not dominate him; and when the woman he has married errs slightly, he is austerely and inhumanly unforgiving, and by his harshness wrecks her happiness and his own and brings her and their child to death before his pride is broken and he sees that he was talking pompous foolishness when he rebuffed her with his "Here, I say, there is no forgiveness of sins. To teach forgiveness of sins is to trespass on the invisible purposes of God. And it is because men have so trespassed that life has become thick with problems and dark with uncertainty." It is a thoughtful and very able book, telling an interesting and a poignant story and handling with great skill and fine imaginative suggestiveness those eternal questions that everybody asks and nobody can answer.

THE CHICHESTER INTRIGUE. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Lane.)

Mr. Cobb has hit upon an excellent and uncommonly ingenious plot for his new novel, and has worked it out with a skill and resourcefulness, a crispness and lightness of touch, that make delightful and absorbingly interesting reading. Alfred Chichester, a popular actor, dying, appoints Lambert Amory his executor. Lambert, fulfilling his duties, goes through the dead man's letters and papers, and thinks it kinder to keep some of them from the eyes of his wife. He is disquieted to find among the letters several dated five years before, written by the girl to whom his friend, Sir Hugo Warbrook, is anxious to become engaged, and disclosing a compromising intrigue between herself and the late actor, and feels that he cannot allow Hugo to marry this girl in ignorance of the truth. He burns the letters, and, as a first step towards making the necessary revelation, gets an introduction to the girl, Enid Thornhill, and can scarcely believe it possible that she is guilty. Whilst he hesitates, he is introduced to Enid's aunt, who bears the same name as herself, and stays with her niece's people at the address from which the letters were sent. This complicates matters a little; and soon, whilst he is still hesitating, to increase his difficulties, the aunt's god-daughter, a Miss Enid Fletcher, comes to the house on what he ascertains has for some time past been a regular annual visit. It would be unfair to betray the developments of the story; obviously, it bristles with possibilities, and it is sufficient to say that Mr. Cobb makes the most and best of every one of them.

THE ALIEN SISTERS. By Mabel Dearmer. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

When a reviewer reads three new novels in succession, all published in the same week, all by women writers of high capacity, and finds that the hero of each leads a double life, and that one or more of the principal ladies in each is of doubtful or more than doubtful reputation, and that the stories are very largely shaped and coloured by the personalities and the doings of these people, he begins to grow pessimistic, to wonder whether these do really represent the average life of the time, and to feel that perhaps another Deluge might be no bad thing, so that it washed such a squalid world and left it a little cleaner. The "alien sisters" are the legitimate and the illegitimate daughters of Sir Raymond Templeton. Sir Raymond marries a good and beautiful woman, and resolves to sever himself once for all from the vulgar and scheming Rosalie de Winton who had entangled him in the past; he makes a handsome settlement on her and their daughter Rose, gets away from her with some unpleasantness, and is satisfied that he has closed the door on that episode for ever. Years pass, and, no heir being born to him, Sir Raymond is brought to see the advisability of arranging a marriage between his daughter, Ruth, and his nephew, Hugh Templeton. Hugh comes on a visit; Ruth has already half given her heart to a worthier lover, but she yields to her father's wishes and is engaged to her cousin; then, partly as the result of some revelations made by an idiot child who is clairvoyant, she has doubts of Hugh, and her nerves and her health failing her she goes on a holiday into Cornwall, and there meets with Rose de Winton, who is still staying at the cottage where, until he went away on that visit to his uncle, Hugh had been living with her as his mistress. Rose has none

of the lightness or vulgarity of her mother; she is wholly in love with Hugh, had gone away with him to get beyond her mother's sinister influences, and hoped and believed he would have married her. One discovery leading to another, the two girls arrive at the whole truth about each other; Ruth befriends her less fortunate sister, and is robbed of all faith in her dignified and respectable father, as her mother had been before she died. The theme itself is sordid and unlovely, but Mrs. Dearmer handles it delicately, and with artistic restraint, and fashions it into a moving and dramatic romance that is as impressive as it is sincere.

The Bookman's Table.

IRISH AND ENGLISH. By Robert Lynd. 5s. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

It is the Irish portraits and impressions that give this book most of its charm and nearly all its high literary value. When Mr. Lynd sketches English life and character he is not always in perfect sympathy with his subject, and so is merely clever where he would otherwise have been kindly and whimsical and illuminating; he describes as a shrewd but somewhat partial observer, where otherwise he would have written of what he knew, and from inside knowledge. Compare the superficial picturesqueness and rash generalisations of "Revivalists in the West End" with the deep pathos and amazingly vivid truth of "On an Emigrant Train"—a realistic little picture of a party of Irish peasants parting from home and friends. Mr. Lynd has put his mind only into the English sketches, but into the Irish he has put his heart as well. He is a man of moods, of prejudices, of perversities, and he gives free play to them all—it is the strong individual note of them, the freshness and originality of their outlook, that make even the slightest of these papers peculiarly and delightfully interesting. There are admirable dissertations on "The Consolations of London," on "The Crime of Ugliness," on "Spring in the West End," but turn back to the fifteen Irish chapters and you get something finer, newer, more intimate, for it is here that the genius of Mr. Lynd is most unquestionably at home, and flowers into a grace and humour and tenderness that are spontaneous and irresistible. He is happiest when he is touching on memories of his own childhood, or picturing the odd, quaint, lovable characters of Irish byways; he has imagination and the artist's sensitive way of handling his words as if he loved them, and so it comes that each one of his thirty-five essays takes pleasant hold upon you, and the best of them are little masterpieces that you will read and re-read with increasing admiration.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN HAMPSHIRE. By D. H. Moutray Read. With Illustrations by Arthur B. Connor. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Up to the present time no writer has established a standard by which we may fairly judge books which stand between the guide and the random itinerary. Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Sussex" contained many good things, and yet was not quite satisfying either as exhaustive description or as a purely personal impression. Mr. Bradley's "Round about Wiltshire" was another good book, but the reader who knew some parts of the country middling well could soon see that the writer had not worn out much leather just there, nor dipped much or often into the relevant literature. The usual plan is to mix, or try to mix, heavy and often borrowed antiquarianism with the lightest tourist stuff (reflections, exclamations, etc.). A clever man does passably thus; but it is no recipe and has produced nothing that can safely be used as a model or guide. There is then, at present, only the tradition of such a series as "Highways and Byways" to help the man who is not born to the task. It may safely be said that Mr. Read was not born to do Hampshire. He knows a good deal about it. At a number of points it is fairly clear that he is speaking from a real familiarity; only at a few that he is speaking from a bicycle. He has much history and local knowledge, literary, sporting, and so on, at his command; and for pure information there are many pages that will be useful to the man who happens to want just what is there. But Mr. Read does not know his gifts. He will not confine himself to what he knows, and must tell us time after time what he feels, as for example:

> "Everywhere Nature's songs, heard and unheard but felt, told of the fulness of life, the joy of existence in this most beautiful world. It gleamed from the polished gold petals of the buttercups that joyously bestrewed the meadows and wayside; the birds declared it as only birds can; and the fluttering butterflies and scented south breeze, faint as a sigh from the wide-opened roses, danced together over the white roadway, to echo the music in the ribbon of shade beneath the hawthorns on the further side."

There is plenty of that, and of abuse for motor-cars and new houses and the like, and it needs a hardy man to recover often and easily enough from it to make good use of the hard-working pages in which these flowers grow. Hard-working they really are, wherever old families, buildings, roads, historic associations, are concerned. The pictures, as usual in this good series, are abundant, faithful, and subsidiary to the text.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY, AND SOME VERSES. By Edward Carpenter. With portrait. 5s. net. (Allen.)

Mr. Edward Carpenter's new book is just what it is called. It is a series of quite undecorated extracts from his note-books or his memory. Nothing from the pen of so bold and serious a writer is to be missed, and these sketches, though they will hardly add to his reputation or attract many who do not already know it, are full of his character, and of the characters of certain men and women, English, German, Italian, Indian, whom he has met. Only once or twice does he put these observations into a form which seems to have needed any invention. He prefers to be matter-of-fact, to put down a conversation that fills a page rather than to turn it into a few well-chosen and lifeless words. He takes no minor troubles about his writing; an accident is "an awful affair," and so on. The result is quite admirable and useful. With all its naturalness—not without *longueurs*—the method has more art than meets the eye, and if one page appears not precise, and rather commonplace, in a dozen you have a very clear picture of men and women moving about, eating, laughing, arguing, making love; and further, to distinguish these pictures from those of any reporter, you have, unobtrusive but important, a sense of Mr. Carpenter's large and delicate humanity behind it all, helping to show the goodness in the most diverse things of life. Here and there is a piece of felicity like "from perpetually feeling for the underside of the jug, his under lip stuck out like that of a fish." But the effects are broad as a rule—"A Saxon Household," from which this is taken, being one of the best. The talk is always admirable and reveals dialect, observation and turns of thought at every point. At the end comes an amusing autobiographical chapter, one on weeds (which is independent of, but parallel to, Maeterlinck's "Intelligence of Flowers"), and then a few verses, original and translated. Some of the verses are from "Narcissus"; none is in the Whitmannish form of "Towards Democracy," and some are actually sonnets. These forms do not suit

Mr. Carpenter perfectly, and one can afford a smile for a certain poeticalness here and there which is quite foreign to his more characteristic writings. But there is little waste in them. Like the sketches, they are full of feeling and experience, passion and humour, and "Going to School" is one of the most charming pieces of verse he has ever written.

SIDNEY'S "APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE." Edited by J. Churton Collins. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" is, if not a tower, at least a pennon-flying turret of the castle of English prose. The book is full of the direct and simple things that showed the way to that nervous, tender, but sturdy English that is the medium of the best books in our literature. Such phrases as "a tale to keep children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner" are prophecies of that picturesque and forceful prose that was to come. Such paragraphs as that in which he jeers at stage management, and the neglect of the unity of place in the theatre, are most masterly experiments:

"Now ye shal haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we must beleeue the stage to be a Garden. By and by, we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a Rock. Vpon the backe of that, comes out a hidious Monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bounde to take it for a Caue. While in the meantime two Armies flye in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what harde heart will not receive it for a pitched fielde?"

Who can read that, and the admirable sketch of Pugliano, his riding-master, with his enthusiasm for the horse, and not feel that here is the essence of supple English prose, the same stuff that Lamb worshipped, Hunt played with, and Hazlitt used. And yet modern in technique as the book is, it breathes the spirit of a time that had passed even when it was written. Sidney himself was a survival. His sweetness of mind lies like morning dew on all he wrote; but it is a different sweetness from that we have learnt to associate with Elizabethan prose and poetry. He was a busy man, courtier, soldier, diplomatist, and member of Parliament for Kent: but through it all he was a knight errant. He had drunk of the goblet of the Italian Renaissance, but he still belonged to the older chivalry. Lancelot and Galahad would have found nothing amiss with him, and Tristram might have written such books if he, too, had been born out of his time. Sidney had never lost the simplicity and fearlessness of that old world. It is in his books; it was in his face; and his contemporaries were not so far removed from it as to be unable to recognise it.

"A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel bookes;
I know that countenance cannot lie
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie."

This edition contains notes, an admirable memoir of Sidney, and analysis of his "Apologie" by Professor Churton Collins.

THROUGH PERSIA IN A MOTOR-CAR. By Claude Anet. Translated by M. Beresford Ryley. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Decidedly this book possesses the charm of the unexpected. The party consisted of five men and two ladies, Prince Emmanuel Bibesco being the instigator and leader, and of three motor-cars. They penetrated to the "paradise of Ispahan" by way of the Caucasus, the Crimea, Batum, Baku and Teheran. They underwent hardships innumerable—rains, scorchings, evil accommodation, joltings, execrable roads and no roads at all; and the hardships of the motor-cars were, if anything, greater still. Instead of talking cant about the motor and distance annihilated, M. Anet admits frankly that their method of travelling was the least easy conceivable. With incomparably more excuse, he tells us less about tyres, valves, speed-gears and ignitions than the ordinary scribbling motorist will in describing a jaunt from London to Bath. He is more taken up with the country travelled through than with the diseases and mishaps of the cars, though the latter were appalling enough. Neither dully mechanic nor mechanically funny, his humour seldom fails to peep out. Admirable motors, being so unobtrusive (except in the illustrations)! Extraordinary motorists! They recited Ronsard, Chénier, Vigny and Verlaine on the way. They broke into their average by turning aside to see Maxim Gorky near Yalta. They took a genuine, if rather rapacious delight in old Persian art—carpets, lacquers, tiles and *reflets métalliques*. As the result of their interest in Persian politics, we learn that the Shah, in reality, "is a sovereign without power in a country without resources." That is to say, the *mullahs* rule, while the Shah merely has the heads chopped off. Many of M. Anet's little pen-pictures are very charming; one wonders, indeed, how much more charming in the original French, since obvious translator's errors are somewhat abundant. The illustrations are some of them excellent, though, as hinted above, there are rather too many photographs of the motor-cars, and a large-scale map of the country traversed would have been welcome. To M. Anet belongs the rare distinction of having written a book of motor-travels which is fit for the perusal of other than motor-maniacs.

WILD LIFE ON A NORFOLK ESTUARY. By Arthur H. Patterson. With Preface by the Duchess of Bedford, and 40 illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Mr. Patterson is already well known as an interesting personality, as a naturalist, and as a man who knows something of men, through his "Notes of an East Coast Naturalist," and "Nature in East Norfolk." He has been pupil teacher, assurance agent, postman, pedlar, draper's assistant, keeper to a Zoo and a menagerie, and school attendance officer, as he told us in that brief autobiography in "East Norfolk"; but he has always been a naturalist, a man of energy, resource, independence, eyesight, and originality, who fears no weather. With his new book he keeps his place as the most interesting of living field naturalists. His subject is chiefly Breydon Water, the big salt lake, west of Yarmouth, into which the confluent Yare and Waveney pour their waters. It used to be a heaven for birds, and something like a hell, too, when the promiscuous gunner ranged there all the year round. Mr. Patterson knows many of the men who were brought up in those glorious days before the reclamation and before the protection of the birds. "They knew," he says, "the ebbing and the flowing of the tides as boys to-day know the north and south of the map." They worked at sea with the shrimpers, on Breydon with the mussel boats. The children paddled for winkles in the mudflats, for flounders in the drains. "Lines were laid for eels, mushrooms were found on the marshes just beyond the walls, driftwood was gathered for the fires and to supply the neighbours, for ere iron supplanted timber, much wood from the shipyards went upstream." There was "Charley" Thacker, "Breydon" Stork, "Baker" Stork, "Breton" Lamb, "Saltfish" Jex, "Silky" Watson, "Pero" Pestell, "China" Crickmer, "Pintail" Thomas, "Fiddler" Goodens, "Cadger" Brown, and "Poker" Lamb's wife. One of them killed forty-eight widgeon at one shot; five swans at one shot; five spoonbills, too, "so very immature he could scarcely dispose of them." Another killed two hundred and eighty-five dunlin, with five widgeon, at one shot. The wounded were usually left to die, or they were hunted by men with dogs. As to cruelty, to this day "our own fishermen do not wait for a turbot or a plaice to die before gutting them"; and the tenderest educated men will often let a tench flop for an hour in the sun. The Breydoners were a hardy race. "Saltfish" Jex would go out in the coldest weather, the punt-gun encased in ice, and his great hairy chest all exposed: "his face was the most wrinkled of any man I ever knew." Mr. Patterson says that they were intelligent, observant, independent, and not vicious; he describes one

man as always knowing when he had had "sufficient" to drink. "Illiteracy and the wild life brought out that which was strongest in their natures, making them unique and distinguished in the curious world they lived in." His pages about these men are full of admirable, hearty, simple writing, and full of the grossness of life—of men who would stuff a fowl with pepper by accident, and then offer it to an unsuspicious friend as a protector against the weather, and would not take a drowned girl aboard because it meant only "five bob, and perhaps luse more 'an a day, not includin' the inquest" (and they recognised her, too, as a girl who had "got into trouble"). You may still see 3,000 coots on Breydon in frosty weather, and sixty swans, and in one week a man will bag "1 swan, 34 mallards and ducks, 6 pochards, 5 widgeons, 1 teal, 1 golden plover, 1 crested grebe, 60 coots." But it is not more the abundance and variety of life in Breydon than the watchfulness of Mr. Patterson and the real charm of his happy-go-lucky writing that make this a good book. He really sees more than most men, and has done original work. There are not more than a few dozen men who can appreciate this side of him, but his humanity and his vivid writing deserve a large audience. He is as good on birds as on men. Nothing is beneath his notice, and he has a heart as active as his eye, and it is his love of life that makes his three books possessions for a lifetime. His chapters on Breydon in every season; on gulls and crabs; his excerpts from the Breydon watchers' notebooks, giving the birds seen on certain days, with the prevailing wind, during 1901—1906; and his odds and ends on birds, fish, and mammals, amount to a delightful unconventional monograph. Drawings from his own pen plentifully illustrate the book. They are real illustrations; *i.e.*, they are subsidiary, and meant to accompany the text, to be glanced at, and are just suited to the freeness and easiness of the book itself.

FORTY YEARS OF PARIS. By W. F. Lonergan. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a very well-written and entertaining book, giving a succinct and graphic review of the leading personalities and events that have occupied the Parisian stage over the period mentioned. Mr. Lonergan, for many years correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, was in a position to get his facts at first hand; he has, moreover, qualities of sympathy and observation, and he has made the most of his opportunities. It is a discursive chronicle, witty, amiable, and sufficiently indiscreet, and it has a finish, an excellence in its degree, with no pretention to belong to any other, that is rarely found among literary productions of this kind on our side of the Channel. After reading it, one retains a predominant impression of the coherence and consecutiveness of the narrative—an effect that could hardly be produced by a similar account of intellectual and political activity in London over the same period; for Paris alone of European cities has this quality of unity and continuity in its mental processes, which makes it the metropolis of the world's thought; more than ordinary insight and susceptibility, together with considerable literary ability, were needed to reproduce so faithfully this great characteristic of the capital. The book has a gaiety of its own; not that it is frivolous—on the contrary, it is full of solid information, given with perfect gravity of tone where such is appropriate; but throughout there is a skilful and pleasing lightness of touch which we may attribute safely, in part at least, to the author's familiarity with French literature, and, in general, with the more graceful and unconstrained modes of thought and expression habitual with our neighbours. Mr. Lonergan touches on a great variety of subjects, literary, social and political, and on most occasions we feel that he is writing from his own observation and perception, from conviction in a word; this again serves to distinguish the book from most of its contemporaries. We are grateful for his numerous illustrative quotations from the French, such as Ponchon's verse and Tailhade's half mad and wholly terrible invectives. His acquaintance with French literature is, we feel, intimate and keenly appreciative; in Chapters XXIII.-XXIV. he deals in some detail with this division of his subject. Here are some interesting remarks on Victor Hugo, which say quite admirably all that need be said of him:

"In the matter of French poetry I am beset at the beginning by one preponderating name, that of Victor Hugo. I have read through nearly all his work, and admire much of it. I have seen him many times, in the Senate, on the tops of 'buses, in the streets, and I remember that famous occasion on which he went about in a lustrous tall hat. The article had been purchased by the poet at the time when he thought that he would be elected President of the Republic. He was beaten by Jules Grévy, the hat was put in a bandbox, and Victor Hugo went on turning out good and bad verse, sometimes too facile and factitious, sometimes strong and splendid. . . . To me he was always one of the over-rated and over-boomed category of celebrities. I used to enjoy some of his best poetry, but I remembered and realised that he was called by Amiel 'half genius, half charlatan.'"

There are thirty-two portraits in the book, which really add to its interest—by demonstrating, for one thing, that unlike our own celebrities, French men of distinction are not infrequently of distinguished appearance.

REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE. By Richard Harding Davis. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Davis has allowed himself a brief respite from fiction, and has used it to good purpose in compiling this series of short biographical sketches of some half-dozen "Real Soldiers of Fortune," this time genuine flesh and blood adventurers. Most of his subjects have had careers more adventurously romantic than any hero of fiction, and the list makes a brave array—MacIver; Harden-Hickey, "Prince" of Trinidad; McGiffin; "Filibuster" Walker; Burnham, "King of the Scouts"; while Winston Churchill is included as a young man who "leaps to meet his own fortune when he sees it coming, and turns it to his advantage." Mr. Davis is rather too prone to let his admiration for the undoubted fine qualities of all those about whom he writes blind him to the little moral weaknesses of one or two; he cannot, for instance, see anything wrong in filibustering. When speaking of the "Knights of Arabia" he says "there is no question but that they intended to subjugate the blacks of Haiti and form a republic for white men in which slavery would be recognised," and this projected escapade he calls a "colonisation scheme." To support another such "scheme" the "New Guinea Exploration and Colonisation Company" was formed, and Mr. Davis, "remembering the manner in which some of the Colonies of Great Britain were acquired," calls the *Times* "squeamish" for having advocated the suppression of the "proposed company for the seizure of New Guinea . . . . . an idea suggesting comparison with the large designs of Sir Francis Drake, and not unworthy of Captain Kidd." One feels rather inclined to agree with the *Times*. And again, "He (Harden-Hickey) was absolutely honest, and as absolutely without a sense of humour. To him, to pay taxes, to pay grocers' bills, to depend for protection upon a policeman, was intolerable." The suggestion that it is one's sense of humour which causes one to pay grocers' bills seems novel. The book also suffers from carelessness, both in writing and proof-reading. "Knowl-edge," divided thus, and "Broderick, the Secretary for War," are only instances of many inaccuracies. But after all, though it is easy to cavil at Mr. Davis' work, it is as easy to praise it. The idea of the book is a very good one, the many photographs with which it is illustrated are excellent, and altogether it makes an admirable book for a boy, whether he be young or grown-up. Though most of us had forgotten it, there are still brave adventures to be had, if one goes and looks for them.

TREES IN NATURE, MYTH, AND ART. By J. Ernest Phythian. With 24 illustrations. (Methuen.)

Whenever Mr. Phythian is in need of a description or a sentiment he quotes from somebody, and usually from P. G. Hamerton, that interesting but uninspired observer, and he leads us to think it possible that he cannot think or see without the help of a book. That is a common predicament in these days, and though he has our sympathy, we can hardly consider it a qualification for writing a book. And on such a subject! A man would need learning, imagination, and observation in abundance to write well about trees in nature, myth, and art. Mr. Phythian quotes from Mr. Frazer, Ruskin, Mr. Arthur J. Evans, Evelyn, Redgrave, Richard Jefferies, and Mr. Step, and quotes many

good things, too; yet he can hardly be called learned. As to his observation:

"The elms most frequently seen in this country are known as the wych elm and the common or small-leaved elm. The former is more wide-spreading in proportion to its height than the latter, which sends up a long, straight, central trunk; whereas the trunk of the wych elm divides off again and again. The common elm has, therefore, the more commanding appearance. Both have rough bark, and comparatively small leaves—the common elm, as its second name implies, having the smaller ones. Hamerton notes—"

and again:

"Sturdiest of resisters of the wind is the oak, which only seems to yield sufficiently to show how little it will yield. We might almost think it contemptuously resentful of the effort of the wind to disturb its dignified calm. The tortuous branches will not bend. . . . The stalwart chestnut yields more and more gracefully. The sycamore yields with long, slow, swaying movements. The ash is quicker. The motions of the beech often lack rhythm. The strong but lofty elm and lime let their branches sway up and down. The Lombardy poplar gracefully bows its head, and lets the wind play with its plumes. The smaller trees lean bodily before the gale."

That is well, as far as it goes. But he has no imagination, as he proves by quibbling about an imaginative passage in Ruskin. He deals first with the soul of the tree, and though anxious not to be suspected of animism, thinks that a tree may be said to have a soul; next with tree worship—an interesting collection of superstitions; then with trees in Nature and all the year round, in architecture, and in painting. In these chapters he gathers, without pretentiousness, a great many related things together which ought to be brought together. We could put up with his lack of great learning and of any imagination, but not with that lack of character which makes him say (not wholly meaning it) that "it is magic all along the line," and in another place that the use of trees as props in coalpits is "prosaic"; that the smell of walnut leaves is pleasant to some and unpleasant to others. Thus it is a lean, indeterminate book. The illustrations, ranging from Turner's "Crossing the Brook" to a photograph of a Sherwood beech, are interesting, but not always well reproduced.

POEMS, OLD AND NEW. By Margaret L. Woods. 4s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

A clever writer could hardly produce a more unsatisfactory set of verses than those of Mrs. Woods, some of them already known to readers of "The Princess of Hanover." The novel, says a certain critic and professor, "has relieved the poet of the bondage of the matter and has allowed him to concentrate himself on the treatment"; and if anyone set out to show the result of this concentration in verse, he cannot hope to rival Mrs. Woods. One example, at least, must strike every reader, and that is the first verse of "The Ballad of the Mother":

"In the dead of the night the children were weeping,
The mother heard that where she lay sleeping,
And scratched at the coffin-lid."

She tells us herself that she is indebted for the first two lines to the ballad lines:

"It was far in the night, and the bairnies grat,
The mither beneath the mools heard that."

The change from dialect poetry to invertebrate urbanity in this case is significant, for as Mrs. Woods' lines are to her original, so are her verses almost without exception to true poetry. They are not mere bad writing, for they are often clever, and they are obviously the work of an educated mind, thus:

"Who has beheld them, the feeling tenuous hands,
About the stone clinging, the carven crumbling
Work that they wrought ere they lay in forgotten graveyards?
Poor blind hands!
As even sea-birds cling on untrodden ledges
And pinnacles of a lone precipitous isle
Or giant cliff, where under them all is mist
And the sullen booming of an unpacified sea,
So do the phantoms cling on thy wind-worn ledges
And aëry heights, thou grey isle of God."

(That is a poetical allusion to the dead masons of Westminster Abbey.) The verses could not be better, as a rule, simply because there is no matter in them, no masterful emotion, no passionate clear thought, no observation, or very little, and that being so, the effort to "concentrate on the treatment" has really been a great success, and it is quite certain that she has written much that will be called poetry

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & CO.

In something the same manner of M. Reinach's manual of art-history "Apollo," Dr. G. Carotti gives us **A History of Art.** This work, however, instead of being in one volume, is conveniently grouped in four volumes. The present book, the first of the set (5s. net), relates to "Ancient Art," and consequently is concerned with architecture, sculpture, potteries and frescoes, rather than with pictures. In itself it is a quite marvellous account of a huge subject in small space; the recent researches have been included, and a wealth of illustrations helps us to visualise the whole story and evolution of the art of the several countries. The work is translated into English by Miss Alice Todd, has been revised by Mrs. Arthur Strong, and is produced with the generous care which marks all the art-publications of this firm.

MR. B. T. BATSFORD.

To this publisher we instinctively turn for magnificently produced volumes concerning arts and sciences. One of Mr. Batsford's latest enterprises bids fair to out-rival even his own former publications. This is **The Domestic Architecture of England during the Tudor Period**, by Thomas Garner and Arthur Stratton. The book, which is of folio size, and is to be published in three parts, goes very fully into the subject of that form of architecture which has always seemed more truly English than any other; and the hundred and eighty folio plates, with their soft brown tinting, so beautifully produced by the collotype process, show how rich our country is in noble mansions of this style. As a picture-book of typical England, if nothing else, the volume will be a proud possession; but it is more than that, for it is the work of two very well-known architects; and the one who has passed away and the one who is still doing his own good work have brought together here practical details, measured drawings, and valuable teachings, as well as descriptions of a beautiful art.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

The signs of the times may be seen in a new novel published by Messrs. Hutchinson, **The Winged Lion**, by L. Winstanley (6s.). It is a mingling of Socialism of several kinds and equally varied forms of love. "I thought the Independent Labour Party were all Socialists," said Mrs. Scrope. "Oh, by no means! The mere idea is horrible! In fact their system is a sort of Communism which is as simple as Conservatism, and nearly as unjust. It consists in dividing up everything as equally as possible, and fixing the standard for everybody by the standard required by the day labourer. Under the present system the classes sponge upon the masses; if the Labour Party succeeds, the masses will sponge upon the classes." And again: "If I live another thirty years I shan't see my party just snapping in a man here and there; I shall see them the main party in the country, and there'll be no Conservatives left but the Liberals." The hero is a Socialist of one kind, but the heroine makes the mistake of almost marrying one of another variety. Yet all ends well.

MESSRS. GEORGE ALLEN & SONS.

A charmingly produced book is **My Son and I**, by Mrs. M. H. Spielmann (6s.). As a story it is rather thin and self-conscious; it is the chronicle of a young widow, told in the first person, concerning her baby son and her circle of friends and acquaintances. We follow mother and boy till the latter has passed through school, flirtations, and matrimony into widowerhood himself. The volume is much aided by the delicately pretty illustrations and decorations by Mr. Hugh Thomson, which include a coloured frontispiece.

MR. JOHN MILNE.

Miss May Crommelin gives us a new theme in her latest novel, **I Little Knew——!** (6s.). Her heroine is a grey-haired woman of over fifty, and although she has a breezy, British lover, who is proposing for the thirty-sixth time when the story opens, it is not with him that the theme is concerned. This attractive heroine, deciding to have a "fling" in the shape of travel before she settles down to old-age, leaves her lonely home and——! Well, she little knew when she started how exciting it would be. The book is lively with situations and revelations. It should be asked for at the library when the world happens to be dull to the novel-reader.

Another example of the historical novel and adventure-story blend comes from Mr. Harold Vallings. **The Lady Mary of Tavistock** (6s.) is concerned with real persons, and the author well makes us believe that it is concerned with actual circumstances too. It is a tale of Devon, of quarrels, intrigue and love. It holds two heroines, the spirited Lady Mary, who quarrels and holds her own with her bullying husband, and the beautiful Beatrix Bonvile, the daughter of a *mésalliance*. There are dramatic situations in the story and a satisfactory pair of lovers in the last chapter.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.

For the thirtieth time Messrs. Chatto & Windus present in their **Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon** (3s.) all that many

of us ever see of the French pictures and sculptures of the year. It is a fine collection, reproduced in sepia tints, and not only does it afford us an artistic album of pictures in varied style, but it keeps us abreast with the work of French painters and sculptors, enables us to follow from year to year the modern tendencies, and to compare the year's collection with that of our own Royal Academy.

MESSRS. T. NELSON & SONS.

A capital idea has been carried out by Messrs. Nelson & Sons. This is an attractive series of quite cheap guides (6d. net each) in limp linen covers, containing practical information as regards the places dealt with and the means of getting about them, staying in them and enjoying the beauties of them. We have received thirteen of the handy booklets. **Brighton, Plymouth, Scarborough, Ilfracombe, Torquay, Aberystwyth, York, Bettws-y-coed, Llandudno, Wye Valley, Hastings, Falmouth,** and lastly **Paris,** which is threepence more. Each volume gives descriptions not only of the main spot mentioned, but of the surrounding district. For instance, Bettws-y-coed includes Snowdon, Hastings includes Bexhill, Torquay includes Exeter, Dawlish, Teignmouth, etc. There are many hints in these booklets that the compiler is not without a sense of humour.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

A little book which will bring an especial pleasure to Cliftonians and to lovers of poetry is the new volume in Messrs. Macmillan's "Golden Treasury" Series, **Poems of T. E. Brown** (2s. 6d. net). Brown's poems have found their way into many an anthology, they are beloved by those who know them and will be beloved by many who will meet them for the first time in this little book. We who have long belonged to the first of these classes of poetry-lovers, have read with true pleasure the sympathetic, understanding Introduction which prefaces this collection, and we value the "speaking" portrait which is given as frontispiece; it is full of charm, youthful promise, and the truly Brown-like mingling of humour, gentleness, and irony.

There are many people yet living who remember vividly the thrill and flutter which came to country rectories in the mid-Victorian days and later, when Miss Charlotte M. Yonge began her then unique series of novels. They must certainly have filled a long-felt want. They were clean, wholesome, permeated with sound Church principles, full of sentiment and common sense, and rich in varied characterisation. Messrs. Macmillan will delight many another family of a later period by their excellent reprints. Two volumes have reached us, the famous **Heir of Redclyffe,** and **The Little Duke** (1s. net each), and many more are already published. No one's education is complete who has not read "The Heir of Redclyffe," and far too few people know the charm, vigour, and picturesqueness of the historical story, "The Chaplet of Pearls." Miss Yonge's books are of the kind in which we find friends.

New Books of the Month.

FROM APRIL 10 TO MAY 10.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADAM, JAMES, LITT.D.—The Religious Teachers of Greece. 10s. 6d. net .....(T & T. Clark)
EALAND, FRED., M.A.—The Spirit of Life, and Other Sermons. 2s. 6d. net .....(T. Sealey Clark & Co.)
GREEN, E. TYRRELL, M.A.—The Eucharist: Devotional Addresses on its Chief Aspects. 3s. 6d. net (John Murray)
HARDY, THOMAS J., B.A.—The Gospel of Pain. 3s. 6d. net (Bell)
RADFORD, L. B., M.A.—Three Teachers of Alexandria: Theognostus, Pierius and Peter. 2s. 6d. net (Cambridge University Press)
Testament, The New. In Greek. Edited by F. H. A. Scrivener, M.A., D.C.L. 5s. net .....(Cambridge University Press)
Testament, The New. With the Words of our Lord while upon Earth Printed in Red. ....(Cambridge University Press)
VIVIAN, PHILIP.—The Churches and Modern Thought. 1s. net.....(Watts)
WILKINSON, GEORGE HOWARD, D.D.—The Invisible Glory. 5s. net .....(Mowbray)

NEW EDITIONS.

À KEMPIS, THOMAS.—The Imitation of Christ. English Translation edited by J. H. Srawley, D.D. 1s. 6d. net .....(Cambridge University Press)
BALDWIN, WILLIAM (1555).—The Sayings of the Wise, or Food for Thought. 3s. 6d. net .....(Elliot Stock)
MEYRICK, F., M.A.—Scriptural and Catholic Truth and Worship. 2s. 6d. net .....(Longmans)
Psalms, The Interlinear. Authorised Version and Revised Version. 1s. 6d. net ....(Cambridge University Press)
WILBERFORCE, SAMUEL.—Agathos. The Rocky Island) 1s. 6d. net .....(Cambridge University Press.

FICTION.

ALBANESI, MADAME.—Drusilla's Point of View. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett)
ALMA, MARIAN.—Honour—Or Not? 1s.....(John Ouseley)
APPLIN, ARTHUR.—The Butcher of Bruton Street. 6s. (Grant Richards)
AYSCOUGH, JOHN.—Marotz. 6s. .....(Constable)
BARRON, PERCY.—The Hate-Flame. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton)
CARLING, JOHN R.—By Neva's Waters. Illustrated (Ward, Lock)
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—The Tree of Heaven. 6s. (Constable)
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DONOVAN, DICK.—In the Face of Night. 6s. ..(John Long)
EDDY, CHARLES.—Mrs. Bailey's Debts. 6s. .....(Cassell)
GAY, FLORENCE.—The Drinkers: A Story for Boys and Others. 2s. 6d. .....(John Ouseley)
GERARD, MORICE.—A Gentleman of London. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)
GOLDRING, MAUDE.—Dean's Hall. 6s. .....(John Murray)
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MAGNUS, GEORGE G.—Two in the Dark. 1s...(John Ouseley)
MALVERY, OLIVE CHRISTIAN (Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy).—Thirteen Nights. 3s. 6d. .....(Hodder & Stoughton)
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MICHAELOWITCH, GRAND DUKE MICHAEL.—Never Say Die. 6s. .....(Collier)
NORMANBY, HENRY.—Destinies. 6s. .....(Sisley)
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WICKS, FREDERICK.—The Unfortunate Duke: A Novel of To-day. Illustrated. 6s. .....(Collier)
WILSON, THEODORA WILSON.—Bess of Hardendale. 6s. (Hutchinson)
WINSTANLEY, L.—The Winged Lion. 6s. ....(Hutchinson)

NEW EDITIONS.

BALZAC, H. DE.—Les Chouans, ou La Bretagne en 1799. Illustrations de J. Blake Greene. 5s. net .....(Bell)
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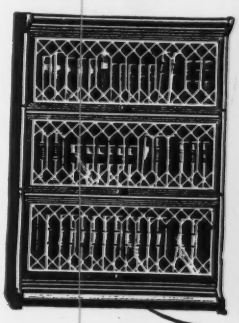

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